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We are contemplating the like for Art and Music, but it is not easy to find contributors possessing the peculiar combination of qualifications for such an office.

A TESTIMONY.

We have been authorized by a Reverend Subscriber to give place to the following letter, which bears the most emphatic testimonial to the advantages which THE CRITIC: LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL, offers as an advertising medium. He desires us not to publish his name, but it will be given with his address to any person desirous of assuring himself of its authenticity.

[COPY.]

"It is only due to say I received more replies to my advertisement of the 15th for a Curate than I could have imagined (over twenty.) Clergymen would find a great saving by using THE CRITIC as a medium of communication, and doubtless, when they find it so extensively circulated, they will avail themselves of it. You may use the letter as you like, though I should prefer that the name should not be given.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE DAY.

NOTES BY AN OBSERVER.

Report of the Committee on Newspaper Stamps—Mr. Grave's suggestion how to turn an honest pound—Statistics of Newspaper circulation—The chief Witnesses examined by the Committee, and characteristics of their evidence—Coming Literature of the Exhibition—Foreigners in England—Mr. Ware, Mr. Greeley, and the Correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*—Disquisition on the Decline of the Drama—English adaptation of Balzac's *Mercadet le Faiseur*; its success at the Lyceum, and mystery of its authorship—Announcements of forthcoming works by Messrs. Bentley, Longman, and Murray—The Magazines—Mr. Helps, the author of *Friends in Council*—Bulwer's *My Novel*—Life of Chatterton in the Dublin University—Mr. Hannay's Novel in Colburn's *United Service Magazine*—The Quarterly, Mr. Croker, and Professor Maurice.

THE Report of the Select Committee appointed last session by the House of Commons to inquire into the working of the Penny Newspaper Stamp has just been published (with Minutes of the Evidence and an Appendix), and is creating what you may call a silent flutter among the brotherhood of the broad and narrow sheet. It was appointed at the instance of the Right Honourable THOMAS MILNER GIBSON, who, or rather whose lady (a Vice-Presidentess, moreover, of the Whittington Club) patronises literature and literary men, some of the smaller of whom, as well as the wives of greater ones, are occasionally to be seen wending to an æsthetic *soirée* in Wilton-crescent. I am often consulted by able and industrious, but uninventive young men, to recommend any honest literary scheme, however humble, by which they may turn an honest penny, or an honest pound. The appearance of this Blue-book enables me publicly to promulgate (with a self-sacrifice which will, I hope, be duly appreciated) a feasible and moderately lucrative scheme of that kind. Let my intelligent and industrious, but uninventive young friend, betake himself to the Messrs. HANSARD, and purchase, for a few shillings, the Report in question. In the Appendix to it he will find a list of all the newspapers in Great Britain and Ireland, and affixed to each the number of stamps it has paid for annually, for a series of years; each year being kept distinct. Let him then procure Mr. CHARLES MITCHELL'S Newspaper Directory. With these two works, and the expenditure of a little time, trouble, and arithmetic, he may easily compile a Dictionary of British and Irish Newspapers, with the circulation of each number of each, and any other particulars he may care to add. Let him print it, and advertise it with a bold heading, such as, "To Advertisers: Important Guide," &c. &c. in *The Times* (and in *The Critic*), and I can promise him a rapid and extensive sale. For it is many years since the Stamp Office gave up publishing the number of stamps issued to newspapers, and there are few matters of the kind in which the public is more interested than in the circulation of its journals. So much by way of hint to my young friend; and meanwhile from that Appendix I shall give a few figures, which may be generally interesting.

First, as regards the London Daily Morning Newspapers, the stamps issued to each during the year 1850 were as follows:—

<i>Times</i>	11,900,000
<i>Morning Advertiser</i>	1,549,843
<i>Daily News</i>	1,152,000
<i>Morning Herald</i>	1,139,000
<i>Morning Chronicle</i>	912,547
<i>Morning Post</i>	828,000
	17,481,390

I leave it to the reader to divide each of these amounts by 313 (the number of publishing days), and strike the average circulation of each Morning Paper.

Coming now to the chief Evening Papers, the following is the statement for the same year:—

<i>Sun</i>	834,500
<i>Globe</i>	585,000
<i>Standard</i>	492,000

And for the most respectable and best known Weeklies, the following are the numbers for 1850:

<i>Observer</i>	324,000
<i>Examiner</i>	228,228
<i>Economist</i>	199,000
<i>Leader</i> (nine months)	116,275
<i>Spectator</i>	152,500
<i>Atlas</i>	98,000

And, finally, in the town which Mr. MILNER GIBSON represents—Manchester:—

<i>Manchester Guardian</i> (twice a week)	940,090
<i>Manchester Examiner and Times</i> (twice a week)	553,560
<i>Manchester Courier</i> (once a week)	236,250

Coming now to the evidence, some of the chief witnesses examined were Mr. MOWBRAY MORRIS, the manager of *The Times* (that mysterious person at last unveiled!); Mr. F. KNIGHT HUNT, sub-editor of *The Daily News*, and author of the recent interesting book, *The Fourth Estate*; Mr. ALEXANDER RUSSELL, the editor of the *Edinburgh Scotsman*; Mr. WHITTY (whose name, during the last week, has become as well-known as any in England), the editor of *The Liverpool Journal*; and the Honourable (!) HORACE GREELEY, the manager of *The New York Tribune*, the chief paper in the United States. The evidence, on the whole, is not nearly so amusing or instructive as it might have been; but there are both amusement and instruction in it. The manager of the "Leading Journal" is stately and aristocratic, and has "no faith in the sagacity of uneducated people." When badgered by Mr. CORBEN, he begs that "if my answers are to be taken down, they may be taken down in my own words;" and he is as strong as is consistent with dignity against the stamp on "supplements." The sub-editor from *The Daily News* wishes a copyright of six or twelve hours in the latest intelligence. The Scotch gentleman from Edinburgh is "canny" and cautious, and "vara" content with the *status quo*. The prosperous Liverpool editor is trenchant and assured about everything, regarding the press of the United States as a model one. While the "Honourable" Yankee himself really seems an intelligent kind of man, and informs us of this, among other things, that the highest editorial salary possible to be dreamt of in the United States is 1,000*l.* a year; that he knows of none above 600*l.*, and that he pays his own chief editor 300*l.* So much for Mr. CORBEN's recent statement that "you can get your literary talent" (like your fine cotton goods) "quite as cheaply in this country as in America."

The Literature of the Great Exhibition has been duly celebrated—its catalogues, general and special, plain and illustrated, the host of Hand-books and Maps of London it has given birth to, have been chronicled and criticised as they appeared. But its real literature is only now beginning. Before another year, the European book shops will be deluged with Tours in England and Sketches of it and the English, written in every conceivable language, and with every conceivable degree of talent. A friend, in the "Foreign" department of THE CRITIC, has already noticed some of the lucubrations of the "own correspondents" of the Paris papers; and one or two others may be worth a mention. Not an "own correspondent" at all seemingly, or even brought to England by the Exhibition, is Mr. WARE, the author of "European Capitals, which Mr. CHAPMAN is about to publish as No. I. of his "Library for the People." Mr. WARE, the author of the *Letters from Palmyra*, appears to be a cultivated and sen-

sible man; but, strange to say, the chief charge he brings against us is the love of money, and, next to that, the love of rank; the two very faults for which the Americans themselves are most notorious. Then comes once more the "Honourable" HORACE GREELEY, who has been enlightening his countrymen on the British character. He thinks us a disagreeable people out of doors, in the forum, and the market-place; but is delighted with us in our families. And our domestic happiness he ascribes very much to the stringency of the English law of divorce, a remark which, especially as it proceeds from an American republican, may be well worth the attention of a certain class of thinkers and theorists in this country. And, lastly, there is an English correspondent of that best of German papers, *The Allgemeine Zeitung*, who is rather a dry fellow, but not devoid of sense. In literary matters we, who are a practical people, would not be ashamed to confess ourselves behind hand with the Germans; but this correspondent will not have it so. He points to our coffee-houses, many of them with its copy of HUME's *History of England*, and CHAMBERS's *Cyclopædia of Literature*, and asks whether, in Germany, with its thousand works on the National History and Literature, there exist two such useful and simple classics.

The decline of the Drama in England is universally admitted, either with pleasure or with sorrow. Let a manager keep his house a-going for a year or two, without constant recourse to ballet or opera, or farce, and the public is surprised. See Drury Lane just now in the occupancy of an equestrian troop! What is the cause of this decline? The increase of amusing and interesting books and periodicals, says Mr. SAMUEL LAING in his *Notes on Europe*; *Blackwood* and *The Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews*, he maintains, "are shutting up the theatres." But how is it that the theatre flourishes as vigorously as ever among the Parisians, who are certainly a reading people, who have stimulating novels supplied at the lowest price, and even in the columns of their daily papers? Is not the decline of the stage in England due rather to the fact that, except in cases of the lowest farce, the English drama, unlike the Parisian one, has ceased to "hold the mirror up to nature," or "to give the very age and body of the time its own form and pressure?" Is there not an immense deal of cant talked about SHAKSPEARE and the legitimate drama; and how can plays written purposely to draw London audiences 230 years ago produce an impression now that is not in a great measure traditional? Our dramatists are all copyists of some by-gone style, Elizabethan, or Georgian, or Pre-Georgian. When, however, any living interest of the day is presented in a drama, see how the public flock to enjoy it. Thus, the English adaptation of BALZAC's posthumous play, *Mercadet le Faiseur*, has, under the title of *A Game at Speculation*, had a "great success" at the Lyceum. And why? Because, of course, the play is a clever one, and cleverly adapted; but, above all, because its chief characters are those of men with whom we rub shoulders every day. One of the Parisian critics describing his first visit to its performance, reported the indignation of two stock-jobbers beside him at the way in which the secrets of the fraternity were being disclosed to the public. By the way, the adaptation at the Lyceum is not by some unknown "MR. SLINGSBY LAWRENCE," as the managerial powers gave out, but by a well-known writer, whose confidence, however, I must not betray.

The booksellers' announcements for the coming publishing season begin to fall thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa. I shall pick out a few of the most notable. Mr. BENTLEY is to publish a volume of "Personal Collections and Anecdotes of her Literary Acquaintances," by MARY RUSSELL MITFORD (the *Our Village Miss MITFORD*)—a book with a taking title. Messrs. LONGMAN promise a work on Wesley and Methodism, by ISAAC TAYLOR, and another collection of essays from *The Edinburgh Review*, the "Critical Discussions" of Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Professor of Logic in Edinburgh University, the editor of Reid, and one of the first metaphysicians in Europe. Mr. MURRAY's list is rich in history and biography. The new or strengthened interest in the Civil War times is to give us from Albemarle-street, "Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Clarendon," by Lady THERESA LEWIS. A new volume of Lord MAHON's *History of England* is to embrace the period between 1763 and 1780. Mr. JOHN WILSON CROKER's long-talked-of edition of the *Life and*

Works of POPE is under way. Sir FRANCIS HEAD has a new work with the odd title of "All My Eye." Mrs. BRAY is to give what cannot fail to be a pleasing biography of the artist STOTHARD. Mr. CRAIK's *Romance of the Peerage* is already producing its fruits, and first among them will be the "Lives of the Three Devereux, Earls of Essex," from family archives, by the Honourable Captain DEVEREUX.

The new Magazines and Reviews are not very lively. *Blackwood* opens with an article on "Mr. Helps' Essays," which will gratify many readers by informing them, for the first time, of the name of the amiable and accomplished writer of *Friends in Council and Companions of my Solitude*. In the same magazine, BULWER's continuation of "My Novel" will be found deepening in interest as it introduces us to several London literary notabilities, easily recognised under the mask of fiction. The "Life of Chatterton," carefully and feelingly told in *The Dublin University*, is worth a mention; as also Mr. HANNAY's new chapter of that very pleasant and lively novel of his, "Mr. Snigsby's Yacht," in *Colburn's United Service Magazine*. *The Quarterly* has a fierce attack on Revolutionary Literature, in which, strange to say, it includes (with censure for his theology too) the works of Professor MAURICE. Surely, in matters of religion, the Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn and Professor of Theology at King's College is likely to be quite as safe a guide as the author of the article, the Right Honourable JOHN WILSON CROKER, friend to the late Marquis of Hertford!

FRANK GRAVE.

PHILOSOPHY.

Vestiges of Civilization; or, the Etymology of History, Religious, Aesthetic, Political and Philosophical. London: Baillière.

WE have tried to read this volume and could not. It passes our comprehension. We can understand neither the theory nor the language of the author. He proposes to overturn all existing systems of mental philosophy, and to establish in its place a new one of his own invention, which is to embrace in its vast sweep the Philosophy of all things, mental, moral, social, political and even, so far as we gather, physical science. In his analysis of the Human Mind, he reduces all mental modes or processes to nine, resolvable, to use his own words, into three generic series or heads, of which the successive development constitutes the cycles of civilization, and this theory he proposes to confirm, mathematically, from PLATO's doctrine of the triangle!

When we see a philosopher reducing everything to certain fixed numbers, asserting, as does this one, that the Universe is made up of *threes*, we despair of him; it is an hallucination from which he never recovers. But as such simplifications are somewhat *taking* with those who like to have a system without the trouble of much investigation of facts, it may not be amiss to show its fallacy in a few words.

Thus, in pursuance of his triangular dream, he divides life into three periods, infancy, adolescence, maturity. He forgets that there is a fourth period—old age—for that would destroy his dream. Then he classes the vital organs into three—the stomach, heart, and brain. He forgets the *lungs*, which are at least as necessary to life as either of the others.

But there is no end to such absurdities, and we will not pursue them further. With some cleverness, this is one of a class of books often dropping still-born from the press, yet continually reproduced, with a perseverance which proves how much more easy it is to theorize than to prove by experiment, and how much pleasanter to dream than to work. We believe it comes to us from America.

SCIENCE.

The Law of Patents and Registration of Invention and Design in Manufacture, with Statutes, Forms and Rules. By THOMAS TURNER, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: John Crockford.

MR. TURNER has here presented to the public for popular use, in a form fitted for the perusal of non-legal readers, the entire Law and Practice of Patents, as at present existing, introducing, where opportunity offered, occasional hints for its improvement. Having narrated the origin of patents, he proceeds first to treat of the subject matter of a patent, and then of unpatented inventions. The Rights of the Inventor are next speci-

fied, and then the manner in which our law creates and secures those rights, including a minute description of the proceedings required for the purposes of obtaining a patent. The Confirmation, Extension, Disclaimer, &c., of Patents, follow in their natural order. The sixth chapter is devoted to the subject of the enjoyment of the Patent Right, and the seventh to the Remedies, both at law and in equity. Copyright of Design and Trades Marks, conclude the treatise. An Appendix contains the Statutes; a table of the fees payable; and the forms to be employed. Mr. TURNER has done good service to inventors and their legal advisers by the publication of this succinct and intelligible essay.

MEDICINE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

BY CELSUS.

I. NEW BOOKS.

DR. WALSHE, of University College, has published a very elaborate *Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Heart and Lungs*; and Dr. CHEVERS, of Calcutta, has issued a smaller volume, also of sterling merit, nearly on the same subjects, entitled a *Practical Treatise on the Management of Diseases of the Heart, and of Aortic Aneurism, with especial reference to the Treatment of those Diseases in India*. Both works may be regarded as valuable contributions to medical literature. The subject is one of very great importance to Life Insurance Companies, who, as a general rule, set too small a value upon the lives of those labouring under certain organic affections of the heart. That the prognosis is by no means so unfavourable as is generally supposed, has lately been clearly established by Dr. C. J. B. WILLIAMS, in his papers upon the subject, published in *The London Journal of Medicine* for April and May, 1850, and subsequently confirmed by Dr. SEMPLE and others. Neither Dr. WALSHE nor Dr. CHEVERS refer to these important papers.—Mr. SQUIRE, the pharmaceutical chemist, has published a very useful conspectus of the three British Pharmacopæias, giving, in three parallel columns, the preparations as ordered by the colleges. It is a pity that such a work should be required, as the difference in the mode of preparing the remedies do not involve any scientific or therapeutic discordance, but arise simply from a want of uniformity of strength. For example, if a physician wished to order the same dose of hydro-chlorate of morphia in Edinburgh and in London, he might certainly avoid ambiguity by ordering the salt itself; but as the danger and trouble of weighing very small quantities (such as fractions of a grain) are great, he would naturally avail himself of the ready-made solution of the pharmacopæias; and, if so, he would have to order twice as much of the liquor hydrochloratis morphiæ in Edinburgh as in London, to secure his patient obtaining the same dose of the same medicine! This is not only an absurd, but it is a dangerous state of matters, and if the colleges cannot harmoniously agree upon a national pharmacopæia, the Legislature ought to take the matter out of their hands, and appoint a commission composed of Fellows of the English, Scotch, and Irish colleges to prepare such a work. In the mean time, Mr. SQUIRE's book, from its convenient and striking mode of displaying the points of agreement and disagreement in the pharmacopæias, is well calculated to prevent many serious errors from being committed both by prescribers and compounders, in these days of rapid whirl, and frequent change of residence.—Dr. M. ROTH, a London homœopathist, has published a goodly-looking octavo, profusely illustrated with wood-cuts, upon the *Cure of Chronic Diseases by Movements*. It is a ludicrous caricature of the advantages to be derived from exercise and gymnastics. The system advocated by the author, though new in London, has been long in vogue in the far north, having been invented by a clever fencing-master of Stockholm, named PEER HENRIK LING, who died in that city in 1839. He was a man of warm imagination, and in some repute as a poet. At first he simply kept a school for athletic exercises; but, at last, he converted his establishment into a house of cure, and became himself the founder of a system which is well calculated to form an alliance with other fashionable systems of charlatancy, and be a source of gain to many. The combination of essentially opposed systems of cure in the practice of the same individual has now become very common. We may mention that the scientific name for this new system is

Kinesipathy, being derived from *Kinesis*, I move, and *Pathos*, a disease. As a system of quackery, *Kinesipathy* is certainly new; but it is right to state that the systematising of medical gymnastics was attempted by Dr. FULLER, nearly 150 years ago. In 1718 his *Medicina Gymnastica* had reached its fifth edition.—Mr. BRODRIBB, M.R.C.S. Eng., puts forth a readable tract, entitled *Homœopathy Unveiled*.—The Rev. THOMAS EVEREST addresses *A Letter to Dr. Rose Cormack*, on his recent speech at Brighton; in which Dr. C., it appears, incidentally charged that reverend gentleman with having preached flagrant heresy in attempting to prove from scripture that "without homœopathy Christianity availed little." The defence by the preacher and his sermon are more amusing and eloquent than orthodox. Dr. CORMACK's speech, as well as all the proceedings at Brighton (in reference to irregular practice), at the nineteenth anniversary of the Provincial, Medical, and Surgical Association, are now published as a pamphlet by CHURCHILL; and to it we must refer for the grounds upon which medical men decline holding professional intercourse with homœopaths. We may state, however, that one of the reasons adduced seems a very sufficient one; and is one which, we believe, many homœopaths themselves admit the full force of; viz., an entire want of common ground of consultation—each party disbelieving the fundamental doctrines of the other. One of the Brighton speakers brought out this idea pretty strongly. He said—"we have no principles in common, and, therefore, to take fees for meeting with them (homœopaths) would be something worse than degrading—it would be appropriating money under false pretences; for a consultation without common principles would be a mere sham—it would be no consultation at all."—Dr. DURAND-FARDEL, who holds the office of Inspector of the Springs of Vichy, has published a work upon their therapeutic uses and mode of action. Such books, written by interested resident physicians, are, too often, mere ephemeral puffs, and wholly valueless as scientific treatises; but the present volume is of a very different stamp. We are by no means prepared to concur in all the theories of the author; but the facts brought together are very valuable to physicians, and also to the sufferers from gout, stone in the bladder, and such forms of dyspepsia as are benefited by the waters of Vichy.

II. EPIDEMIC DISEASES.

CHOLERA has not been prevalent this autumn in this country; and the mortality from it has been very small. There can be no doubt that this disease is now much less formidable since practitioners have treated it less by supposed specifics than upon general principles. In Jamaica, recently so sadly desolated by this scourge, cases of cholera are still occurring. In the East various regions are suffering from it.—DYSENTERY has been lately very fatal in some districts of France. In the canton of Quéméné (Loire-Inférieure) there died from it 100 persons, two-thirds of whom were children. As the *Gazette Médicale*, whence we derive our information, does not state the population of the canton, we cannot form a correct idea of the comparative mortality from this and other epidemics.—THE SWEATING SICKNESS (*Suette Miliare*) is exciting a great deal of attention in Paris, in consequence of the discussions which have arisen in the Academy of Medicine upon the report on the epidemic of that disease as it prevailed in 1849. M. JULES GUÉRIN, M. DUBOIS, M. MELIER, M. MARTIN-SOLON, and M. BRICHTEAU, were the reporters. There are six topics discussed, or rather questions proposed for solution in their Report, all of which are of deep interest, as some medical men (not without reasonable grounds), entertain the belief that it is likely to prevail epidemically in various parts of this country, as it has for some years past been prevailing epidemically in several districts of France, and as it prevailed in so fatal a form in England in 1485, 1506, 1517, 1528, and 1551. The following are the six points to which the French reporters call the attention of their *confères* in the Academy. 1st. Does the Sweating Sickness of 1849 resemble preceding epidemics? 2nd. Has the epidemic of 1849 reappeared in districts which it had formerly visited? and has it spared some places in which it had previously occurred, and then after a time reappeared? 3rd. Has the epidemic manifested characters similar to those of its predecessors? 4th. Have the reports now submitted to the commission added anything to the characteristics of the disease? 5th. What is the pathological nature of the disease? [It is unanimously

regarded as not inflammatory, but its true pathology has not been settled.] 6th. What treatment has prevailed in the epidemic of 1849, and what pathology has the therapeutic relations of the disease impressed upon its history? Bleeding, evacuations, and anti-periodics are severally recommended; but most advantage seems to have been derived from the combination of anti-periodics, especially of quinine, with emetics and purgatives. The character of the epidemic varies considerably, and with it the treatment must be modified.—DENGUE, OR BREAK-BONE FEVER.—A remarkable epidemic to which these names are given, has been recently described in the March and May numbers of the *Charleston (U. S.) Medical Journal and Review* of this year. In the March number Dr. W. T. WRAGG gives a history of the epidemic which prevailed in Charleston in the summer of 1850; and in the May number D. R. D. ARNOLD describes the same disease as it prevailed in Savannah during the summer and autumn of the same year. Persons of all ages seem to have been attacked, but few died, although seven or eight tenths of the population of Charleston passed through the fever. The disease was evidently a peculiar form of remittent fever. The patients suffered from a general soreness of the whole body—flesh and bones; they could find no ease when lying, sitting, or standing. Between the scalp and the skull, the soreness was particularly distressing. Another peculiarity of the disease was the appearance of an eruption, which, however, was of very variable character, assuming in different persons the aspect of scarlatina, measles, impetigo, erysipelas, or petechiae. Congestion was a character of the fever, and hemorrhages were common, likewise prevalent urethral discharges. Sleeplessness and other nervous symptoms, similar to those occurring in delirium tremens were frequently observed. During convalescence, boils and abscesses were troublesome. The tendency to relapse, and the great benefit derived from quinine, point out that Dengue is a variety of Remittent Fever. The rheumatic type we look on as an accidental, and not as an essential character of the malady. It is one which physicians meet with in Scarlatina, and has even led Dr. COPELAND to describe a variety of that disease under the name of Scarlatina Rheumatica. What Dr. JENNER calls Relapsing Fever, and which was described by Drs. ALISON and CORMACK, and others in 1843, was also attended with severe break-bone pains, and it likewise was a remittent fever, as the benefit derived from quinine clearly pointed out. We have heard West-Indians speak of Broke-Wing Fever, which we have no doubt is identical with the Break-Bone Fever of WRAGG and ARNOLD. Along with the human species animals suffered severely from this epidemic about twenty years ago in Jamaica. The name Broke-Wing, we believe, was applied in consequence of birds being obviously maimed by the painful affection and powerless condition of their wings.—SMALL POX AND VACCINATION.—The Epidemiological Society have sent out circulars to the whole of the medical profession with the view of establishing upon a large basis correct doctrines on these important subjects. Dr. KNOX of Strangford, has recently with much ability investigated them. He agrees with Mr. CEELY in regarding cow pock and small pox as the same disease, the former being the latter modified in its passage through the system of the cow. We concur with Dr. KNOX in regarding Mr. CEELY's experiments as conclusive on this point. Dr. GREGORY of the Small-Pox Hospital has, however, attempted to reassert and defend the old doctrine of a counter-poison. The truth, however, seems to be that in vaccination we neither communicate an opposite nor a similar disease, but the same disease in a modified form.

III. MEDICAL SOCIETIES.

The MEDICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON resumed its ordinary meetings for the session on Saturday the 12th current, at eight p.m. in its Hall, George-street, Hanover Square. On the previous evening a special general meeting was held, at which resolutions were adopted with reference to irregular practitioners.—The meetings of the ROYAL MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL SOCIETY will, as usual, not be resumed till November.—The following is a copy of a REQUISITION to the Council of this body, which is now in course of being signed. It is likely to lead ultimately to considerable discussion and important results. We believe that the only Homœopathic Fellow of the Medical and Chirurgical Society is Dr. HENRIQUA, who is physician to a Homœopathic

hospital:—"We, the undersigned Fellows of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, being convinced that the doctrines of Homœopathy and Mesmerism are utterly fallacious, and inconsistent with the facts of Medical Science, hold that they are unworthy to be professed, or in any way countenanced, by members of this Society, the object of which, is the promotion of a sound knowledge of medicine and surgery. We therefore request the Council to take this subject into consideration, with the view to prepare regulations whereby all homœopathic, mesmeric, and similar irregular practitioners, shall be excluded from the fellowship of this chartered corporation. And we hereby request the Council, with as little delay as possible, to summon a special general meeting of the Fellows to resolve on the same."—The HARVEIAN SOCIETY held its first meeting of the session on the 2nd instant. Dr. CHOWNE, the President, after delivering an opening address, described a singular *lusus nature*—a whiskered and bearded woman. He exhibited three daguerreotype portraits of this female, showing, along with ample mammae, whiskers and beard even more profuse than are seen in the generality of men. Dr. CHOWNE was applied to by a man who wished to marry this female, for a certificate of her sex; and he was enabled to state that, notwithstanding her hirsute aspect, she was essentially and critically feminine.

IV. MEDICAL CHIT-CHAT, AND DISCOVERIES.

INSURANCE COMPANIES AND MEDICAL FEES.—The Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow have adopted seven formal resolutions, but the most important is the following:—"That medical referees, the ordinary attendants of the parties desiring life assurances, ought to be suitably remunerated for their trouble in replying to the usual queries on behalf of the assuring companies; and that the parties granting the assurance ought to pay this fee, as it is obviously for their safety and guidance that such information is afforded." * * * "that they," the Fellows of the Faculty, "will not in time coming pay attention to any schedule of queries submitted to them, with reference to any species of life assurance, unless such schedule of inquiry be accompanied by the fee of one guinea, if the sum proposed to be insured exceeds 300*l.*, and 10*s.* 6*d.* if the sum is 300*l.* or under." The view taken by the Faculty is that adopted by most of the new offices; but the older companies still try to get gratuitous opinions, or to give the medical attendant the chance of getting a fee from his patient should he have the face to ask it.—Professor SIMPSON of Edinburgh, in repudiating a charge which *The Lancet* had brought against him of having "Mesmeric Soirées," makes the following offer as a test of the sincerity of his disbelief in Clairvoyance:—"I will, if you will allow me, place five boxes or packets (each of them containing a line of SHAKESPEARE) in your hands, and in the hands of a small committee of medical men, whom you and I shall conjointly agree upon, and who with you, shall be judges, and make all the necessary arrangements, and I now offer through you 500*l.* for the reading of these included five lines by any clairvoyant. Further, as my pen is in my hand, let me name at once, on my part your fellow citizens, Dr. SHARPEY, Dr. LOCOCK, Dr. WILLIAMS, Dr. TODD, and Dr. CARPENTER, or any two or more of them, to adjudge the matter with an equal number named by you. Perhaps you will agree with me in thinking that in settling a question of this nature, such a test and trial is better than any other five hundred arguments."—Dr. S. E. HOSKINS, of Guernsey, describes in *The London Journal of Medicine* for October, a means by which phosphatic calculi may be dissolved in the bladder, by means of injecting solutions of lead. The cases described are not sufficiently numerous to enable us to form a correct estimate as to the probable value of this new treatment; but they encourage us to hope that it may, when fully proved, be classed among the therapeutic discoveries of the age. Dr. HOSKINS expresses himself cautiously, and is evidently a calm, truth-seeking experimenter. Phosphatic calculi, when out of the bladder, are dissolved by solutions of lead; and if the bladder will in a large number of instances bear the introduction of the same solvent, the method will be both safe and sure.—THE ACTION OF METALS IN CHLOROSIS and other diseases has often been a subject of discussion among physicians. Every one knows that iron administered in anæmia is almost certain to effect a cure if suitable precautions be adopted, and no adverse complication exist. It has generally been sup-

posed that the metal was assimilated: and in accordance with this hypothesis the soluble salts of iron have been preferred as those most capable of being absorbed, and of uniting with the elements of hæmotosine. M. HANON, however, in *La Presse Médicale Belge* enunciates a new fact. During digestion, hydrosulphuric acid is formed. This is especially the case in chlorosis, in which there is a singular tendency to the formation of this acid in the intestines. The way to prevent this is to administer a non-poisonous metal, capable of forming an insoluble sulphuret with the hydrosulphuric acid. This property belongs not only to iron, but also to manganese, bismuth, lead, and copper.—Dr. MAYNE, of Leeds, has issued a specimen and prospectus of an "Expository Lexicon of Scientific Terms," which is likely to be of much use, not only to the medical profession but also to coroners, naturalists, and others. It has occupied the author for twenty years, and is now ready to go to press whenever 250 subscribers are obtained. The College of Physicians, and many eminent physicians and literati appear already on the list. We hope that the author may not only soon complete, but greatly exceed the required number of purchasers, so that he may not only be secured from loss, but be made a gainer, by publishing the results of his long and successful labours. There is no work in our language at once so succinct, and yet so accurate and comprehensive, as the specimen leads us to believe this to be.—

BRANDING OF DESERTERS.—The Royal Horse Guards, by a circular memorandum, of date August 15, has ordered surgeons to execute this sentence of Court Martials. The medical press have unanimously denounced the order as not only degrading to medical officers as gentlemen, but as destructive of that feeling of respect and confidence which it is so important for soldiers to entertain to those who have charge of their health. In consequence of the remonstrances called forth, the Authorities have announced that the order is, in the meantime, not to be enforced. It is believed that the order will never be enforced.—**THE BROMPTON HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION** is about to have added to it a new wing. The foundations are laid, and the work is likely to proceed rapidly to completion.—**THE CITY OF LONDON HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION**, the foundation stone of which was recently laid by Prince ALBERT, is progressing favourably. We understand that the directors contemplate—if their funds permit—to form "a winter garden" upon a large scale, so as to allow phthisical patients to take exercise during all seasons in a suitable climate. Mr. PAXTON has already given in a plan: the principle to be adopted is the same as that which was found to answer so well in the Crystal Palace. Consumption is not now regarded as an incurable disease, and we think that were such "winter gardens" established upon a large scale, the improved therapeutic and hygienic treatment of this disorder would have such advantages as would, in a large number of cases, when adopted in the early stages, prove entirely successful.—**NEW MEDICAL SYSTEMS.**—I noticed already *Kinesiotherapy*, when speaking of Dr. ROTH's book; but there are several other new systems which require to be mentioned. They are fully described in the German journals, so famous as magazines of medical eccentricity. We have, elaborately puffed, the Grape-cure, the Milk-cure, and the Hunger-cure, as well as the Water-cure; but the *Urgesundheit* system is likely to eclipse them all, as the success of quack systems is invariably in proportion to the degree in which they violate medical experience and common-sense. The apostle of the *Urgesundheit*, or "primitive health" system, is a native of Nuremberg, a man named MAHNER. He says that a patriarchal age can be attained by a diet of bread and water, going barefoot, and allowing the hair and beard to grow.

CELSUS.

On the Preservation of the Health of Women at the Critical Periods of Life. By E. J. TILT, M.D., Senior Physician to the Farringdon Dispensary, &c. London: Churchill.

An essay addressed to the intelligence of those whom the author is desirous of saving from the impositions of quackery, by teaching them to know themselves, by explaining their infirmities, and how they may be best avoided or remedied. There is nothing which may not readily be understood, and which every female ought not to know. It is a valuable instruction to domestic medicine and hygiene.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of John Sterling. By THOMAS CARLYLE. London: Chapman and Hall. 1851.

SOME six or seven years prior to 1844, cultivated and penetrating readers of periodicals, especially of *Blackwood's Magazine* and *The London and Westminster Review*, began to be aware of the presence of a new man of genius among the commonplace or merely pretentious scribblers on whom the press depended and depends for its general supply. In *Blackwood's Magazine* he was known, individually, by the pseudonym of "Archæus;" in *The Review* by the signature £; and in both of them, intellectually, by a fine formative talent, radiant sincerity of expression, and a rare catholicity in matters of taste, judgment, and feeling. By degrees, it came to be understood that the person whose advent to his magazine Professor WILSON had emphatically hailed as that of "our new contributor," was a certain JOHN STERLING, who led in London a life of literature, but without dependence on it; that he had been a clergyman of the Church of England, but had quitted its priesthood, without, seemingly, abandoning its doctrines; that he mixed freely in the most distinguished intellectual circles of London; and to all this was added an extrinsic interest arising from the fact that he was the son of the famed Captain STERLING, the "Thunderer" of *The Times* newspaper. As the years rolled on, he made himself apparent under his own name, as the author of a volume of "Poems," and of *Stratford, a Tragedy*; neither of them so remarkable as his anonymous or pseudonymous contributions to the periodical press. Presently, there came the tidings of his death, and a year or two after that the New Englanders (unlike the Old Englanders,) had collected his prose writings, and therewith there was silence about STERLING for a time. Finally, in the revolutionary year of 1848, there were published in London two thick and highly-interesting volumes of *John Sterling's Essays and Tales, with Life*, by Archdeacon HARE. His best pieces were here collected, and a biographical sketch was prefixed by his college-tutor and friend, the accomplished and thoughtful JULIUS HARE. The book was reviewed far and wide, and much read, even in that revolutionary year. Wherewith it seemed that we had heard about the last of JOHN STERLING, and that his life and works were thenceforth left to the ordinary destinies.

Not so in reality, however. For, although Archdeacon HARE was a literary executor of STERLING's, there was another man a joint executor, namely his present biographer, THOMAS CARLYLE. HARE had had some good opportunities of knowing and appreciating STERLING, as his college-pupil and country curate; but those opportunities were nothing to CARLYLE's, who had known STERLING personally and intimately as a man of letters, and a man of the world, during all the later, the most active, and most interesting part of his career. Add to this, that CARLYLE's acquaintance with the element in which STERLING led his life is infinitely superior to any that HARE in his rural Archdeaconry could have acquired; that CARLYLE's knowledge of the nineteenth century, and of man in most centuries, and of most things, human and divine, is considerably superior to HARE's, and many readers will not be sorry to know that here, fresh from the press, is a biography of STERLING by CARLYLE. In matters of fact, it is infinitely fuller than HARE's; for with all the STERLING family CARLYLE's intimacy seems to have been great, and their "documentary evidence" has been placed at his disposal and freely made use of. In all other respects, too, it is, naturally, no less infinitely better; and, indeed, may be considered decidedly the pleasantest of all CARLYLE's books. For the light here thrown from that illuminative mind is thrown, not upon the past, but upon the present—upon the present, with its persons and familiar scenes, as they lie around us—London and literary London, and its literary life in the recent years of our time. Personal reminiscence abounds: of men of whom we have all of us heard with interest and curiosity. Here CARLYLE appears in the new character of *friend*, and in that very amiably. Throughout the work there breathes nothing but a spirit of cheerfulness and kindly appreciation of STERLING and of all his circle. Were it not that from early years, STERLING was afflicted with dangerous ill-health, so that the tomb rises always as a near goal to his bright pilgrimage, and his most "delectable mountains" of vivid action, and poetry, and fiction, and social

commune, are ever from time to time overspread by sad and dreary visitings of gloom from the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

JOHN STERLING was born on the 20th July, 1806, at Kaimies Castle, in the Island of Bute, a "dilapidated baronial residence to which a small farm was then attached, rented by his father," Captain EDWARD STERLING, afterwards the famed "Thunderer" of *The Times*. This Captain was "originally of Waterford in Munster; son of the Episcopalian Clergyman there; and chief representative of a family of some standing in those parts." He was, according to CARLYLE, who knew him afterwards well, "an impetuous man full of real energy, and immensely conscious of the same; who transacted everything, not with minimum of fuss and noise, but with the maximum; a very Captain Whirlwind;" and, for the rest, had retired from the army on half-pay, partly to farm; with which intent he had settled in Bute. The mother had been the *belle* of Derry, and was, as sometimes happens, of a character quite opposite to her husband's;—"a woman of delicate, pious, affectionate character; exemplary as a wife, a mother, and a friend. A refined female nature, something tremulous in it, timid, and with a certain rural freshness still unweakened by long converse with the world." Afterwards CARLYLE says: "From her chiefly, as one could discern, JOHN STERLING had derived the delicate aroma of his nature, its piety, clearness, sincerity; as from his father, the ready practical gifts, the impetuosities and audacities were also (though in strange new form) visibly inherited." There was a senior brother, ANTHONY, who still survives; and other brothers and sisters were afterwards added; all of whom died, however, before JOHN had finished his sixteenth year.

The little farm at Kaimies Castle, "on that wild-wooded, rocky coast, with its gnarled mountains, and green, silent valleys, with its seething rain-storms, and many-sounding seas," did not particularly prosper; and the energetic Captain, wearied, moreover, of such an out-of-the-way place, migrated after three years and a half to "an eligible cottage, without farm attached, in the pleasant little village of Llanbethian, close by Cowbridge in Glamorganshire; of this he took a lease, and thither with his family he moved in search of new fortunes." The "new fortunes" did arrive, and consisted of the Adjutancy of the Glamorganshire Militia, which gave some scope to his energies; and, better still, of a correspondence with *The Times* newspaper under the signature of *Vetus*, which made him known as a man of talent and force, and led to other engagements. JOHN spent his next five years in this "fruitful grassy region," got his schooling at Cowbridge, and underwent the usual experiences of a stripling who was to be a man of genius. In 1814, with the Peace, the STERLING family removed again to Passy near Paris, the Captain having some hope of becoming "Paris correspondent of *The Times*." But with the next spring, and NAPOLEON's return from Elba, they removed finally to London, or to Blackheath; whence JOHN and his brother repaired daily to "Dr. BURNEY'S School at Greenwich." CARLYLE thinks: "His progress in all school learning was certain to be rapid, if he even moderately took to it." A lean, tallish, loose-made boy of twelve; strange alacrity, rapidity and joyous eagerness, looking out of his eyes, and of all his ways and movements. I have a Picture of him at this stage; a little Portrait which carries its verification with it. In manhood, too, the chief expression of his eyes and physiognomy was what I might call alacrity, cheerful rapidity. You could see, here looked forth a soul which was winged; which dwelt in hope and action, not in hesitation or fear. ANTHONY says, he was "an affectionate and gallant kind of boy, adventurous and generous, daring to a singular degree." Apt enough withal to be "petulant now and then;" on the whole, "very self-willed;" doubtless not a little discursive in his thoughts and ways, and "difficult to manage." After some further instruction at Blackheath, he received some in London, to Seymour-street in which, his father, with improving fortunes and newspaper-connection, removed. And here let us insert CARLYLE's final considerations on

THE BOY STERLING AND BOYHOOD IN GENERAL.

In this his ever-changing course, from Beece, at Cowbridge, to Trollope, in Christ's, which was passed so nomadically, under furlaws of various colour, the boy had, on the whole, snatched successfully a fair share of what was going. Competent skill in construing Latin

I think also an elementary knowledge of Greek; add ciphering to a small extent, Euclid, perhaps, in a rather imaginary condition; a swift, but not very legible or handsome penmanship, and the copious, prompt habit of employing it in all manner of unconscious English prose composition, or even, occasionally, in verse itself; this, or something like this, he had gained from his grammar schools; like the most of what they offer to the poor young souls in general, in these indigent times. The express schoolmaster is not equal to much at present—while the unexpress, for good or for evil, is so busy with a poor little fellow! Other departments of schooling had been infinitely more productive for our young reader than the gerund-grinding one! A voracious friend, I believe, he all along was; had "read the whole *Edinburgh Review*" in these boyish years, and out of the circulating libraries, one knows not what carloads; wading, like Ulysses towards his palace, "through infinite dung." A voracious observer and participator in all things he likewise all along was; and had had his sights, and reflections, and sorrows, and adventures, from Kaimes Castle onward. *Puer bone spei*, as the school-albums say; a boy of whom much may be hoped? Surely, in many senses, yes. A frank veracity is in him, truth and courage, as the basis of all; and of wild gifts and graces there is abundance. I figure him a brilliant, swift, voluble, affectionate, and pleasant creature; out of whom, if it were not that symptoms of delicate health already show themselves, great things might be made. Promotions, at least, especially in this country and epoch of parliaments and eloquent palavers, are surely very possible for such a one!

A passage pretty characteristic both of the boy STERLING and of the man CARLYLE!

STERLING was now sixteen, and after a couple of years more of miscellaneous academic and tutorial instruction, he was sent, his father still prospering, to Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he had for tutor JULIUS HARE, afterwards his biographer, and who bears admiring testimony to the "wonderful and beautiful gifts, the sparkling ingenuity, ready logic, eloquent utterance, and noble generousities and pieties of his pupil." A sound classical scholar, STERLING did not then or ever afterwards become; but, says CARLYLE, "if classicality in the University sense of the word, mean the practical conception, or attempt to conceive what human life was in the epoch called classical,—perhaps few or none of STERLING's contemporaries in that Cambridge establishment carried away more of available classicality than even he." More interesting to STERLING than the college curriculum was the arena of free expression and discussion opened to him in "the Union," the famed debating club, of which he became the acknowledged chief. The young man, who as early boy had "read through the whole *Edinburgh Review*," with his impetuosity and daring, was not unlikely, in the "liberal" atmosphere of Cambridge, to turn out Radical with a dash of sceptic—in spite of the tutorage of HARE. This he did turn out, and remained for several years of his life; and some of his sharp sarcastic sayings in this capacity made a noise in the University. Was it on account of this, or in spite of this, that he made the friendship of FREDERICK MAURICE, now the distinguished Professor at King's College, and Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn? We know not. However, says CARLYLE, "STERLING, it appears, after above a year of Trinity College, followed his friend MAURICE into Trinity Hall, with the intention of taking a degree in Law, which intention, like many others with him, came to nothing; and in 1827, he left Trinity altogether; here ending, after two years, his brief University life."

STERLING was now one and twenty; and it might be said that the world was all before him where to choose; for his father was a prosperous man, with pretty extensive connections, and there were few occupations, the three professions among the rest, into which the gifted young man might not have obtained admittance. Among the intimate visitors at his father's house was Mr. JOHN CRAWFORD, the well-known Oriental diplomatist and writer. He was setting a-going at this time an association "to open the trade to India," and JOHN was made secretary, with a salary of three hundred pounds a-year—a fair start for a beginner. But the art of agitation (then, moreover, in its infancy,) was probably very unpalatable to the genius, and possibly, too, gave him a disgust for practical life. At least, the association, or his connection with it, came to nothing, and shortly afterwards we find him buying *The Athenæum*, started not long before by Mr. J. S. BUCKINGHAM, and, with MAURICE for coadjutor, busily editing it. Some of STERLING's contributions to *The*

Athenæum are printed in HARE's collection; "first fruits, by a young man of twenty-two; crude, imperfect, yet singularly beautiful and attractive; which will still testify what high literary promise lay in him." Want of money, and, probably, want of success,—possibly, moreover, want of perseverance, brought his connection with *The Athenæum*, after a year or two, to a close. But, meanwhile, it operated powerfully on him in several ways, concerning which we shall give the following extract, descriptive of

STERLING AT THE OUTSET OF HIS LITERARY CAREER.

For the present, it brought him into the thick of London literature, especially of young London literature and speculation; in which turbid exciting element he swam and revelled, nothing loth, for certain months longer—a period short of two years in all. He had lodgings in Regent-street: his father's house, now a flourishing and stirring establishment, in South-place, Knightsbridge, where, under the warmth of increasing revenue and success, miscellaneous cheerful socialities, and abundant speculations, chiefly political (and not John's kind, but that of *The Times* newspaper and the clubs), were rife, he could visit daily, and yet be master of his own studies and pursuits. Maurice, Trench, John Mill, Charles Buller: these, and some few others, among a wide circle of a transitory phantasmal character, whom he speedily forgot, and cared not to remember, were much about him; with these he in all ways employed and disported himself: a first favourite with them all.

No pleasanter companion, I suppose, had any of them. So frank, open, guileless, fearless, a brother to all worthy souls whatsoever. Come when you might, here is he open-hearted, rich in cheerful fancies, in grave logic, in all kinds of bright activity. If, perceptibly or imperceptibly, there is a touch of ostentation in him, blame it not: it is so innocent, so good, and childlike. He is still fonder of jingling publicly, and spreading on the table, your big purse of opulence than his own. Those must have been pleasant evenings in Regent-street, when the circle chanced to be well adjusted there.

An extensive very variegated circle of connections was forming round him. Besides his *Athenæum* work, and evenings in Regent-street, and elsewhere, he makes visits to country houses, the Bullers', and others; converses with established gentlemen, with honourable women, not a few; is gay and welcome with the young of his own age; knows also religious, witty, and other distinguished ladies, and is admiringly known by them.

Among the rest, and above all the rest, of these fair ladies, was a certain SUSANNAH BARTON, a stately, blooming, black-eyed young woman, attractive enough in form and character; full of gay softness, of indolent sense and enthusiasm; about STERLING's own age, if not a little older. She was sister to a college-friend of STERLING's, and daughter to a Lieutenant-General in the Guards, an Irish landlord; and was destined to be STERLING's wife. Whereby, however, hangs a tale, in which "love and war" are curiously blended.

With such associates as those named above, the young Cambridge radical had evidently not lapsed from his "liberal" faith; indeed, he was devoted to it with more ardour than ever; and the time was come when his zeal was to assume a practical shape. General TORRISO, the distinguished Spanish exile of 1824, was an intimate of STERLING's and his family's, and, worked on by him, the enthusiastic young man hatched a scheme for a descent of Spanish exiles and English sympathisers upon Spain, in the spring of 1830. STERLING prevailed upon a cousin to adventure funds, with which a ship was bought and equipped, &c., &c. As the time drew near for its despatch, STERLING, who, of course, had resolved to share the uncertain fortunes of his friends, went to take leave of Miss BARTON. But let us make a short extract of

A PROPOSAL IN CARLYLESE.

"You are going then to Spain? To rough it amid the storms of war and perilous insurrection; and with that weak health of yours; and we shall never see you more, then!" [*Translation into Carlylese of Miss Barton's supposed sentiments.*] Miss Barton, all her gaiety gone, the dimpling softness become liquid sorrow, and the musical ringing voice one wail of woe "burst into tears," so I have it on authority: here was one possibility about to be strangled that made unexpected noise! Sterling's interview ended in the offer of his hand, and the acceptance of it; any sacrifice to get rid of this horrid Spanish business, and save the health and life of a gifted young man so precious to the world and another!

The Spanish exiles, although shorn by the British government of their ship and its equipments, arrived with STERLING's cousin, early in the year, at Gibraltar; thence to make their descent on Spain. Meanwhile, in November, 1830, STERLING was married. Neither he nor his bride was rich. An uncle of his mother's died about this time, leaving a valuable sugar estate in the West Indian Island of St. Vincent, of which JOHN was to be a joint heir after his mother's death. So it was settled that STERLING, who had fallen very ill just after marriage, of pulmonary disease, should proceed to the warm favourable climate of St. Vincent, and look after the sugar-estate there. Thither, accordingly, the STERLING's proceeded in the year 1831. But in the August of the following year he was once more in England; published his novel of *Arthur Coningsby*, which had been lying on the stocks for several years; in the June of 1833, touring in Germany, he met his old tutor, Mr. HARE; communicated to him a new desire to become a minister of the Church of England; was ordained a Deacon (higher than which function he never rose) on the Trinity Sunday of 1834; and immediately afterwards was installed as Curate of Herstmonceux, of which his friend HARE was Rector!

From being a Sceptic-Radical to being a Church-of-England Curate may be a long or may be a short journey. The cure of his radicalism, CARLYLE ascribes to the issue of TORRISO's expedition, which ended in the shooting of the whole party by the Spanish government. He received the sad news in the early months of 1832; and wrote to his brother: "I hear the sound of that musketry; it is as if the bullets were tearing my own brain." And the consequent reflections and emotions, thinks CARLYLE, annihilated his Democratic faith. Then, as to the religious change, CARLYLE ascribes this to the influence of COLERIDGE, whom STERLING had often gone to learn from at Highgate, in the thick of his democratic strivings. Probably the picture, so far as they admitted of a picture, of STERLING's mental revolutions, lies in *Arthur Coningsby*; of which CARLYLE gives but a vague account. On COLERIDGE, however, there is a whole chapter; and from it here are some extracts.

COLERIDGE AND HIGHGATE.

The Gilmans did not encourage much company, or excitement of any sort round their sage; nevertheless access to him, if a youth did reverently wish it, was not difficult. He would stroll about the pleasant garden with you, sit in the pleasant rooms of the place—perhaps take you to his own peculiar room, high up, with a seaward view, which was the chief view of all. A really charming outlook in fine weather. Close at hand, wide sweep of flowery leafy gardens, their few houses mostly hidden, the very chimney pots veiled under blossomy umbrage, flowed gloriously down hill; gloriously issuing in wide tufted, undulating plain country, rich in all charms of field and town. Waving blooming country of the brightest green; dotted all over with handsome villas, handsome groves, crossed by roads and human traffic, here inaudible or heard only as a musical hum; and behind all swam under olive-tinted haze, the illimitable liminary ocean of London with its domes and steeples definite in the sun, big Paul's and the many memories attached to it hanging high over all. Nowhere, of its kind, could you see a grander prospect on a bright summer-day, with the set of the air going southward—southward, and so draping with the city-smoke not you but the city. Here for hours would Coleridge talk concerning all conceivable or inconceivable things; and liked nothing better than to have an intelligent, or failing that, even a silent and patient human listener. He distinguished himself to all that ever heard him as at least the most surprising talker extant in this world,—and to some small minority, by no means to all, as the most excellent.

HIS TALK.

His talk alas! was distinguished, like himself, by irresolution; it disliked to be troubled with conditions, abstinences, definite fulfilments; loved to wander at its own sweet will, and make its auditor, and his claims and humble wishes a mere passive bucket for itself! He had knowledge about many things and topics; much curious reading; but generally all topics led him, after a pass or two, into the high seas of theosophic philosophy, the hazy infinitude of Kantian transcendentalism. Sad enough; for with such indolent impatience of the claims and ignorance of others, he had not the least talent for explaining this or anything else unknown to them; and you swam and fluttered in the mistiest wide unintelligible deluge of things, for most part in a rather profitless uncomfortable manner.

PRIMARY DEFECT OF HIS CHARACTER.

To the man himself, Nature had given, in high

measure, the seeds of a noble endowment; and to unfold it had been forbidden him. A subtle lynx-eyed intellect, tremulous pious sensibility to all good and all beautiful; truly a ray of empyrean light, but embedded in such weak laxity of character, in such indolences and esuriences as had made strange work with it. Once more the tragic story of a high endowment with an insufficient will. An eye to discern the divineness of the Heaven's splendours and lightnings, the insatiable wish to revel in their godlike radiances and brilliancies; but no heart to front the scathing terrors of them, which is the first condition of your conquering an abiding place there. The courage necessary for him above all things had been denied this man. His life, with such ray of the empyrean in it, was great and terrible to him; and he had not valiantly grappled with it, he had fled from it; sought refuge in vague day-dreams, hollow compromises, in opium, in theosophic metaphysics. Harsh pain, danger, necessity slavish harnessed toil were of all things abhorrent to him. And so the empyrean element, lying smothered under the terrene, and yet inextinguishable there made sad writhings. For pain, danger, difficulty, steady slaving toil, and other highly disagreeable behests of destiny shall in no wise be shirked by any brightest mortal that will approve himself loyal to his mission in the world; nay, precisely the higher he is, the deeper will be the disagreeableness, and the detestability to flesh and blood of the tasks laid on him; and the heavier, too, and more tragic his penalties, if he neglect them.

It is with STERLING's assumption or reception of the ecclesiastical function that Part I. of the present biography closes. With the second and remaining part we shall deal in next number.

Emanuel Swedenborg. A Biography. By JAMES JOHN GARTH WILKINSON. London: Newbery. 1851.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WE are afraid that elsewhere than under the banner of the Swedish Seer may those be found who make the chase of spiritual comfort identical with the longing for holiness. They think it enough that the Terrestrial should be left far behind, and do not see that they still carry it with them when they seek the Celestial from terrestrial motives. It has been said by a great man that blessedness is not the reward of virtue, but that virtue is itself blessedness, and the perfection of the religious life must likewise be not the pursuit of recompense or delight, but the merging of the individual's will and desires in the Being of the Supreme; which doctrine CHRIST taught when he said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." How different this from the calculating Utilitarianism which has taken such deep hold of religious professors. If Morality rejects every tincture of selfishness Religion must still more energetically reject it. But what in other Christian Churches is a consequence of the Age to which they belong, and of the material philosophy which practically has ruled that Age rather than of the principles which they hold, is among the Swedenborgians, the direct and necessary result of the tenets which they have adopted from their master. SWEDENBORG was a man of some ingenuity, but without an atom of invention, for destitute as he was of imagination how could he invent? His Heaven, therefore, is a mere reproduction of Earth, and his angels are represented as being merely the spirits of the Dead. Now, if there be no other Angels than glorified spirits, and no other Heaven than a glorified Earth, and if the thoughts of the Believer be continually fixed on such Angels, and on such a Heaven, then it is not the Spiritual World which dominates the Exterior World, but it is the latter which dominates and stamps its imprint on the former. The chief catholic faiths of Christendom have shunned, as far as human weakness permitted them, so grievous an error. They have tried to be simply channels through which the Spiritual World poured itself into the Exterior World, and have pictured religious emotion, religious utterance, as only a flowing back of what had been received. Of course the most devout men, even in their holiest moods, cannot help carrying into their religious ideas some association, some affection from earthly scenes. There would be no point of contact, no means of commune between the Divine and the Human if this were not so. We should be separated by an impassable chasm from the Invisible if the Inward Eye were not allowed to borrow aid from the Eye of Sense and the forms of Memory. Still it remains true, that though

the fashion of the vessel may be human the food put into it for the nourishment of the heart must be divine. But the Swedenborgians attempt what was never attempted in Religion before, to have the fashion of the vessel divine, and the food put into it human, and this in scrupulous accordance with the theology of their founder. This result is further aided by SWEDENBORG's exceedingly ponderous and clumsy mode of describing the Spiritual World. That the Heaven which he discloses to the faithful should be a mere reproduction of Earth, cannot but materialise their faith as we have seen. But if the picture had lived in glowing colours, something of the religious element would have struggled potently through it. SWEDENBORG, however, classifies the abodes of the redeemed, and the districts, both bad and good of the Spiritual World, with the precision of a map-maker. If a portion of land had been allotted to a number of emigrants in a new country, the division of the whole, and the share falling to each could not be described in a more matter-of-fact way. And, indeed, all SWEDENBORG's descriptions, much as they have been praised for their poetical beauty by his admirers, are mere catalogues. They consist of a simple enumeration of particulars. One item passes after another before us, but the whole never commingles into the grandeur and harmony of a painting. Swedenborg does not redeem these various defects by any marked originality in his theological conceptions. His two leading doctrines, that regarding the nature of CHRIST, and that known by the name of Correspondences, are both borrowed. The former is Sabellianism, the latter is only a development of principles which ORIGEN taught, and on it in its developed shape we may remark that no doctrine can lead to more wanton caprices, for if it be true that every passage of Scripture is capable of and contains another meaning besides the literal import, there is no reason why it should not include thirty or three hundred figurative meanings as well as one. Still, little of catholic significance and aptitude as we may see in Swedenborgianism, we are bound to affirm that its disciples draw from it much transforming and elevating force. If from its character as a theological system it cannot become to them a fountain of heroism, it is at least the source of perennial parity and gladness. The Swedenborgians have all the gifts and graces men can have who want generosity and enthusiasm as already indicated. But here we have the pinch of the whole matter. We are in the very heat and heart of a religious crisis; we are on the brink, as all sects and churches believe and hope, of a religious reformation. What aid can Swedenborgianism offer us in the midst of that crisis? What agencies can it contribute toward bringing and accomplishing that Reformation? It will not do to say that the Swedenborgian system is admirably suited to its present believers; for it would be still truer to say that they are admirably adapted to it, since it merely corresponds to individualities already prepared for its reception, natures conscientious, credulous, but cold. But the mass of men, when the time of God is fully ripe for a great spiritual revolution, need the moral reformer to teach them repentance before the religious reformer can effectually teach them regeneration. The baptism by water must precede the baptism by fire; the water that cleanses must prepare the way for the fire that kindles acceptable sacrifices on the altar of holiness. How does Swedenborgianism meet this demand on its energies? It is obliged to confess its utter incompetency. It has no power of rebuke because it has no depth of contrition. It cannot supply a want which it has never itself experienced. If the world could be saved when most degraded and forlorn by a simple spiritual inoculation, then would the system of SWEDENBORG become a mighty agent of redemption. But he can know little of the primordial circumstances that have unfolded and fed the religious life of mankind, that dreams for an instant of such a possibility. He who is foul with the leprosy of sin, or he who is sick with the palsy of indifference, is not in the mood to listen to dulcet tones persuading him to dwell in ecstatic contemplation on God. Wash and heal the leper's sores, strengthen the paralytic and then speak to them of heavenly things. It is strange and deplorable how much this duty of morally leavening and preparing the souls of men for an outpouring of the Spirit is neglected by our Churches. They may see that the most momentous and blissful change which the wisdom of Providence has yet accomplished on the earth was heralded by JOHN

THE BAPTIST, a strictly and exclusively moral Reformer. They may see how the glorious work which LUTHER wrought was heralded by hosts of moral Reformers, and that the beginning of that work, even in LUTHER's own hands, was entirely moral, the denunciation of enormous and culminating evils, before that positive theological principles could be victoriously taught. And yet, in spite of such examples, they seem unanimous in rejecting the Moral as the precursor of the Religious, which makes us suspect that they are influenced more by the lust of proselytism than by the love either of God or of Man. First come pedantic, pertinacious, fanatical Dogmatists who care not how much the world wallows in iniquity provided lipservice is given to certain theological propositions. Instead of saying "Repent, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand," they say, "Here is the kingdom of Heaven, enter ye into it by creeping through these dogmatic bars." Now, if a man think that the whole truth of God can be imprisoned in dogmas, we have no quarrel with him for trying to gain for those dogmas a triumphant sway. We are not discussing points of orthodoxy or the value of dogmatic teaching. Dogmatism may be in every respect the best agency for stimulating and nourishing the religious life of a people, and yet it may be the most egregious blunder to employ it before a moral transformation has been effected by strictly moral instruments. Sin must be felt in all its loathsomeness before a remedy for sin can be usefully propounded in a doctrinal form. If those among the clergy who are active and zealous were to state their experience, would it not be found that success in winning souls had always been most signal where a stern attitude toward vice had been taken ere any grand doctrinal peculiarities were strenuously insisted on. Even what are called Religious Revivals, supposing that much connected with them were not a passing excitement, the dream and the intoxication of a moment, prove nothing against this view. For what is the very first step in a Religious Revival? Is it not a powerful delineation of what is loathsome and deadly in wickedness? Is it not an irresistible appeal to the guilty conscience? The Moral Man is stung in his keenest sensibilities, scourged with remorse, crucified with self-reproach, stormed in his whole being ere Religion can unveil itself as an energy to gladden, to sanctify, and to save. It were well then to send to every parish in England preachers of prophetic mould to clear the way for the work which more specially belongs to ministers of the Gospel. Worse than an extravagant and inconsiderate Dogmatism is an extravagant and inconsiderate Formalism in reference to the main moral requirements of our country. To deify ceremonial while the bosom is yearning for the bread of life has been thought a noble employment for thousands of our most accomplished ecclesiastics. Prodigious has been the squabble about the fringes while the blood was growing cold for want of the garment to quicken its motion. Ritual splendour is the fitting, nay, the indispensable accompaniment of the mysterious and the symbolical in Religion. But it is not identical with the religious life, and above all, it cannot be a substitute for the moral life. Art is not the foe of duty but it is a nuisance, an impertinence, and it may even prove a curse, when it takes the place of duty. When the Aesthetics become so haughty and arrogant that they cannot bear the Ethics by their side, we discern a symptom of declension in a nation's destiny of the most grave and appalling kind. To Formalism, as to Dogmatism, then, would we give the counsel to plant, and cultivate, and strengthen those great moral principles which are the basis of society's existence, before endeavouring to take the imagination captive with the queenly gorgeousness of religious garniture. As soon as Regeneration and Penitence have done their work, and Conscience stands forth once more as an invincible athlete, Religion may approach with as much magnificence as she pleases; her accumulated adornments will possess, at such a moment, a power only to elevate and to refine. Opposed to Dogmatism and to Formalism alike, it might have been expected that Rationalism, while fighting with both, would have avoided the errors of both, especially that of neglecting the moral culture of mankind as the necessary pioneer of their spiritual improvement. Rationalism, as a positive doctrine, is a meagre, shallow, contemptible thing; for, as such, it is a recognition of the understanding as supreme in Religion; whereas all true religion must be a bowing-down of the understanding in humblest

prostration before God. The sole value of Rationalism, as a negative or antagonistic agency, is to offer now and then a wholesome check to superstitious or fanatical exaggerations. But it does this most effectually when it mingles moral chastisement with its intellectual assaults. The Rationalism of our own day, however, is wholly intellectual; it has no apostolical fervour for truth, no holy wrath at wrong. Hence its impotence for good and evil alike—for good, since it was its moral weight in past days which alone gave worth to it as an instrument of intellectual reformation—for evil, since there is nothing against which the instincts of men more quickly revolt than against mere intellectual destructiveness. The alarms, therefore, which people feel, or affect to feel, at the progress of Rationalism, are altogether groundless. Rationalism at present but glances on the surface of matters which must be reached, for benefit or for bane, in their depth and substance, by far more living and stalwart potencies. If any one, inspired by an intense moral purpose were valiantly to grasp Rationalism as a weapon of warfare, then would the danger arise which the timid dread, but a danger which such only have real cause to fear as are the slaves of an excessive Dogmatism or of an inordinate Formalism, and who shrink from those who aim at achieving by vigorous means, the moral redemption of society, as from personal foes. The necessary, the natural reaction against Rationalism is Mysticism. But when the Rationalism is weak, the Mysticism must be weak also. And we consequently perceive that the Mysticism of the present age never proceeds beyond a certain indolent and sentimental dreaminess. Mysticism in any circumstances is not much of a Moral Reformer, and it had never less of moral zeal and energy than now. In shunning moral toils it flatters itself that it is ascending to a region raised far above the petty tumults and wretched conflicts of the hour. It is thus essentially selfish, though Mysticism springing from profounder sources is the most beautiful self-forgetfulness. For Mysticism, besides being the reaction against Rationalism, may be the heritage of souls gifted with a plenitude of the religious life, as was JACOB BOEHME, or it may be the leading feature of a generation consecrating its whole heart to spiritual commune with the Highest. Here it is a positive fact, not an accidental result or a transitional circumstance. And as it is thus only the Love of God made more ecstatic by being veiled, a starry glory disclosed by the night of shadowy thoughts, it is so closely allied with all love that if it do not produce directly moral blessings it scatters abroad that manna of mercy, those fruits of grace that are incomparably better than the grandest moral achievements. But, in proportion as Mysticism is accidental, transitional, reactionary, may we justly demand from it its moral titles to our acceptance, since whatever in Religion is not infinitely exalted beyond the Moral must be a mere delusive meteor of the Imagination, except in so far as it tends to create moral excellence, a tendency notoriously wanting in all the existing aspects of Mysticism. Alive to the many defects of an arid and angular Dogmatism, of a mediæval Formalism, of a shallow Rationalism, of a sentimental Mysticism, men have sprung up apart from sects, and parties, and churches professing to do the work which those various agencies neglected, and have been hailed as prophets by admiring followers. But they have had nothing of the prophet's valour, insight, and devoutness. They have been by turns Dogmatists, Formalists, Rationalists, sentimental Mystics, and have attempted to conceal how denuded they are of real convictions by preposterous paradoxes, and exaggerations and singularities of language. About ten years ago this school of pseudo-prophets had much influence; but when it was seen that their denunciations and vaticinations were simply the barest commonplaces disguised in the clumsiest language and the most puerile conceits, the world turned from them as deluders of the people, and their latest utterances have been unnoticed or contemned. Certain popular lecturers have been trying to repeat the farce at second-hand, but the applause that greeted it for a moment has died away amid the rush of kindred inconsiderate noises. Compared to these five classes of missionary manifestation in which the Moral as a preparatory culture for the Religious is so wholly despised or so inadequately ministered unto, Swedenborgianism or Spurious Spiritualism has beauty, dignity, and power. As an asylum from them all, for the sick and distracted soul, it presents numerous inducements and advantages.

But, as a home for the healed, refreshed, and strengthened soul to abide in we cannot speak in its favour, as long as we believe that there is a real and deeper Spiritualism to which the great catholic religions that have ruled Christendom for thousands of years thoroughly respond, however much they may occasionally degenerate into a barren Dogmatism, and into a grotesque and capricious Formalism. If Swedenborgianism, however, be disposed to gain a wider empire, we have indicated the mode whereby that object may be attained; by occupying the moral ground which other sectarian systems and organizations in their furious squabbles and endless babblement about doctrine and ritual leave aside. If it enter boldly and earnestly on this moral field, new and vast triumphs await it; if not, it has already reached the limits of its kingdom; and it is a law as old as the world, that whenever anything ceases to conquer it begins to decline.

ATTICUS.

Monk's Contemporaries. Biographic Studies on the English Revolution. By M. GUIZOT. Translated by ANDREW A. SCOBLE. London: Bohn.

THIS volume has been added to Mr. BOHN's Cheap Series, and the translation has been very respectably executed. The work itself has already passed the ordeal of criticism. It is not worthy of Guizot's reputation. He has not taken a just estimate of the great men of the English Revolution; he does not understand their characters, nor does he give them credit for the patriotism which undoubtedly actuated the majority of them. GUIZOT's aim in this, as in all his recent writings, is to maintain his own views of government against the revolution of which he was at once the cause and the victim. He therefore surveys every object from his own point of vision and coloured by his own predetermined opinions. Hence, his investigations of the English Revolution possess no permanent value; he has not thrown much new light either upon the events or upon the actors. Nothing that such a man writes could be worthless or uninteresting, but these Biographies are not such as might have been looked for from the author of the *History of Civilization*.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Spain as it is. By G. A. HOSKINS, Esq., Author of "Travels in Ethiopia," &c. In 2 vols. London: Colburn and Co.

Madridia; or, Pictures of Spanish Life. By H. DRUMMOND WOLFF. London: Bentley. 1851.

Pitcairn's Island and the Islanders in 1850. By WALTER BRODIE. London: Whittaker.

The Six Colonies of New Zealand. By WILLIAM FOX. London.

The Southern Districts of New Zealand. By E. SHORTLAND, M.A.

Transatlantic Rambles. By a RUGBEAN.

BOOKS of travels have multiplied almost as fast as travellers. Every scribbler seems to imagine that, if he keeps a journal of his tour, he is bound to print it, for the benefit of the stay-at-home traveller. This may have been reasonable enough twenty years ago, before railways and steam made us all travellers, and a tour, even to Switzerland, was an enterprise to be talked about for the rest of one's life; and to be a traveller, was a distinction that attracted all eyes upon a man, and opened all ears to his tales. But now that everybody travels, and every nook of Europe is explored every summer, it is strange that the flood of books of travels should continue to flow, and stranger still that any publisher should be found to speculate in the printing of them. For who are the readers?—who buy such books as we are continually required to notice?

Separately to review each one of the multitude, would be an inconvenient invasion of our space, far beyond the merits of the books that present themselves. We, therefore, adopt the plan of stringing together such as are of lesser worth, and noticing each one briefly, so as to preserve that complete record of the progress of English literature which is the design of THE CRITIC.

Six works appear at the head of this paper. The first of them is a narrative of an extensive tour in Spain by Mr. HOSKINS, who has undoubtedly a claim to the first place in our regards, as being the most interesting and intelligent of the group. He travelled slowly in all sorts of vehicles—diligences, hired carriages, mules, and, when occasion permitted, on foot. He went into

the highways and byeways; he mingled with the people in rustic inns, at village festivals, and, being well acquainted with the language, he was enabled to make the best use of the opportunities so afforded. His course was from Perpignan, by a circuitous route, to Gibraltar, thence to Cadiz, Seville, Toledo and Madrid, returning to France by Bayonne. His plan was to put up for a time at convenient quarters, and thence to make excursions into the neighbourhood.

Mr. HOSKINS has given particular attention to the architecture and art of Spain, and a considerable portion of his two volumes is occupied with descriptions of objects of this class. This adds something to the substantial value of his work, but renders it less presently readable and amusing than it might have been made, with such ample materials as were supplied to him by the men and manners he beheld. Should he attain a second edition, we would recommend him to abbreviate a considerable portion of these guide-book and catalogue notes, and then, with some additions to his sketches of the people, to bring it within the compass of a single volume, which he might well do. Mr. HOSKINS is, we believe, an artist, which accounts for the unusual attention given to art, and also for the brilliancy of his pictures of scenery and grouping, of which we regret we have not more. Such, for instance, is

XATIVA.

The situation of Xativa is magnificent, at the foot of a fine range of mountains, with a picturesque castle, fatiguing to reach on a hot day like this; but if the heat and fatigue were ten times greater, it should not be missed. The ruins of the castle are very extensive, and many parts of them evidently of the times of the Moors; the solidity of the tapia-work is extraordinary, and there are cisterns, and also arches circular and pointed, evidently very ancient. The small church, with its pointed arches is more modern.

The view from the summit is really magnificent. The foreground is splendid, consisting of bold and almost perpendicular rocks, crowned with fortifications, wild shrubs growing in the crevices, and goats feeding on the scanty pasture; below lies the city, with its cathedral and other churches, and the more modern buildings mixed with orange and some few palm trees; the old part, from the extreme narrowness of the streets, appears to be one mass of houses. Surrounding the city is an immense plain, perhaps the most verdant in the world, divided into small square fields, every one of them surrounded with its channel of water, planted on each side with a row of mulberry-trees, just now bursting into leaf. The contrast between their light-green foliage and the rich deep colour of the corn and beans is very striking, and has a beautiful effect. Beyond this plain are several villages, with their pretty churches, and fine ranges of mountains.

And this of

A SPANISH INN.

From Baza to Venta de Baul, three leagues, our route lay over wild plains, rarely at all cultivated; and it was very late and dark when we arrived at the miserable venta, in as miserable a hamlet.

There are three classes of inns in Spain, the fonda, the posada, and the venta; without mentioning the paradores, which are like posadas, but less frequently met with, and the case de pupillos, which are only cheap boarding-houses. A fonda is the hotel of Spain, and seldom found except in capitals and large towns; and there good rooms, excellent beds, and such dinners as have always something eatable, even for the most fastidious, may reasonably be expected at the moderate price of about five shillings a day for board and lodging. Bachelors, who have not the best rooms, even less.

The posada is the genuine Spanish inn; and in out-of-the-way places, where no diligences are expected, it is always a toss-up how it may turn out—heads, there is nothing in the larder, tails, there is; but with patience and perseverance, and a little soft-sawder, the landlord or landlady, who at least know where such things are to be got, will procure something for your dinner, or, before morning, to fill up the void the evening meal has created in the basket. The walls of the posada are always clean, as if just whitewashed. The linen of the frequently rude but good beds is beautifully white, and the pillows often edged with broad lace. The floors show no signs of dirt, and are generally covered with pretty matting. A few fleas in the season may skip about, but are seldom found in the beds; and the more disgusting animals are certainly, at this season at least, uncommon. I must confess myself agreeably surprised with the Spanish posada, being much neater-looking and much cleaner in reality than I expected.

The venta is the solitary road-side inn of the lowest description: nothing should be expected to be found in them but good bread, and often delicious water, cooled in jugs of argillaceous porous earth, like the Egyptian

goollahs. The ventas have often a fair outside; but such as they were in the days of Gil Blas and Don Quixote, such are they now. Let those who wish to learn Spanish idioms and study Spanish wit and manners rejoice when chance throws them into a venta for an hour or two, but not for a night.

At first we were told that there was not a room disengaged in the venta; and we had the dismal prospect of sleeping in our galera, which is anything but weather-tight, and the night is bitter cold; but, with a little persuasion, we got a small room with a comfortable fire for ourselves, and the landlady gave up her chamber to the French gentleman.

There is often as much difficulty in arranging parties in the Spanish ventas and posadas as in the time of Don Quixote; and ladies are now not unfrequently obliged to pack together as they did then.

The landlady herself, with her moustachoes and dirty dress, was but a poor guarantee for the assertion that the beds were clean; which, however, they proved to be; and we had a good supper of stewed fowls and fried potatoes, thanks to Monsieur L—— keeping strict guard of the pot, that garlic and other forbidden things were not put in.

Such a scene presented itself when we entered this venta as Teniers only could depict. Above a score of the most picturesque rascals this world ever produced were seated in every variety of attitude around an enormous fire in the centre of the floor. There were costumes of Andalusia and Valencia, rich and poor, merchants and beggars; nor was beauty wanting, for in one corner sat as fair and pretty a blue-eyed girl as I have seen in Spain, and her presence seemed to sharpen the wits of the younger men. Half-a-dozen of the guardia civil, noble-looking fellows, were smoking their cigars and enjoying the fire like the rest. An old woman was taking an immense pan of stewed meat and soup off the fire, and placing it before three fine-looking men, who had just arrived, and were seated on low stools round a little table, almost Oriental in its form. They helped themselves with spoons, and slowly and deliberately dipped and redipped into the pan, one after another, until their appetites were satisfied, when the old woman put it on the fire again for the next arrival. Others were drinking, and all enjoying the fire, and certainly it was a glorious one.

At the other end of the barn was hung on the walls some of the harness of the mules, which by the strong light of the fire beaming through a very wide doorway could be distinguished in the most comfortable portion of the building, partitioned off for the stable; and the jingling of their bells and the strumming of the guitar of a gay Andalusian, glittering with silver buttons, formed the music of the venta. There is no lack of fun in these Spanish caravanseras; tune follows tune, ballad after ballad, and jokes and wit abound, frequently until long after midnight, and sometimes a dance winds up the evening's amusements.

Mr. WOLFF's experiences were much more restricted. He appears almost to have limited his observations to Madrid and its neighbourhood. He is, therefore, wanting in the freshness and novelty that recommend Mr. HOSKINS. In every magazine we find the same objects as are here described, written about by contributors whose study is style rather than substance. And so it is with Mr. WOLFF. He aims at writing with effect—tries to be brilliant, and really is sometimes smart. But, with all his liveliness, he cannot remove the proverbial weight of a twice-told tale. That he can write pleasantly, when he has a good subject to write about, these extracts will prove.

Here is

A SCENE IN A CATHEDRAL.

I walked up the nave, as far as the high altar, with ladies of the party who seated themselves on the floor, as did all the females of the congregation. The sight was very pleasing. The only head-dress allowed to be worn at church is a black mantilla, consequently the ambition of the peasant girl is such an article of dress. The large space was covered with these half-reclining figures, who continued waving their fans during the whole ceremony, producing a very pretty effect as well as an agreeable breeze. I stood at one side, near my party, leaning against a heap of thick candles, which had been placed in a nook formed by a subordinate altar.

The service proceeded in the manner usually prevalent in churches of the Roman Catholic faith, and, having overcome a feeling I at first entertained, that the eyes of the whole congregation were upon me, I endeavoured to join in the devotions. Presently, however, a man, dressed as a *major*, who had been standing opposite, advanced towards me accompanied by two others similarly attired. What could be the matter?—Had I committed sacrilege?—Had I unconsciously offended their religious feelings?—Was I to be turned

out?—The men came nearer and nearer, while I was forming deprecatory sentences in Spanish. The priest suddenly turned himself round, and for a moment gazed steadily at me, the only man at that end of the church besides these three and himself. What was to happen?—The leader came forward and raised his hand, but did not do me any bodily harm; he simply and gently pushed me aside, while he lighted the candles against which I had been leaning; he gave one of them to each of his companions, took one himself, and thrust the fourth into my unpractised hand. I whispered to one of my fair companions, for the shock had rendered me speechless as far as Spanish was concerned; I begged her to thank the man for me, but to refuse the candle; she laughingly answered that I must follow him, as a compliment was intended, and that my refusal would be considered the reverse.

The man beckoned once, the man beckoned twice, and as he seemed impatient, before he beckoned a third time I followed him, my scrunched hat in my right hand, this enormous luminary in the other. The priest was kneeling, with an acolyte on either side, close to the holy table. My friend knelt on the highest step on the left of the officiator, I was instructed to kneel on the right, the two other human candlesticks knelt behind us, and on a lower grade. Here I was assisting at the administration of what in England is considered an idolatrous ritual. Polemics, however, did not enter my mind, and my only thought was, the wise figure I must be cutting in the sight of the congregation. At length one of the two little acolyths turned round, having received a square piece of wood from the priest, being very blind I thought this was a censor, and, on his rubbing it against my nose, I started back, fearing he was guilty of some practical joke; he smiled and presented it again, when I sniffed at it, thinking such an act was expected. The youth left me in despair, and turned to the *major*, who taking the picture of the Virgin (for such it was) reverently in his hands, bowing, embraced it. It was then presented to our two subordinates, who behaved in like manner, when my friend extinguishing his candle with his fingers, I did so with my hat, and, at a sign from him, I followed him away.

As I descended to the floor of the church, I furtively raised my *lorgnon* to my eye, and beheld the whole assembly laughing in the most irreverent manner. One old woman especially excited my indignation, who was seated in fits of laughter, rolling like a child's mandarin. I am certain that she was only prevented quite rolling over by the weight which was applied to her naturally, as it is to those Chinese toys artistically.

After service I perceived the men had all been collected at the lower end of the building. I had, therefore, been the only one available for the purpose. I do not know, to the present moment, whether it was an hospitable compliment, or a designed joke: now I care still less;—but next day it was gossipped all over Madrid, which is, I should say, the most scandalous capital in Europe, that I had embraced the Roman Catholic faith.

Let take a peep at the interior of

A SPANISH HOUSEHOLD.

The house at which we have arrived, I think, I may produce as a good *échantillon* of a Spanish country domicile; and though I am a bad hand at description, I will venture to bring before the eyes of my reader (if perchance I have any) the rustic habitation of a Spanish *littérateur*, one of the most celebrated of modern days. The house itself is built from north to south, the entrance being towards the south, and opening on the court. This court is walled in on the east and south, on the west is the gardener's cottage, while its northern boundary is the parent building, with the exception of a little bit of wall, large enough to contain the garden door. Passing this door, one naturally sees the west side of the house, along which and the north end runs the jasmine-covered balcony I mentioned in my last chapter, which, itself covered, forms a verandah with the pavement below. The east, looking on the road, has no windows, and presents a dead wall, which, were it at Fulham, would long ere this have been covered with posters. Conceive the charms of this balcony. Fancy the soft calm nights, the bright moon or the twinkling star. Fancy yourself lying on a cool mat, looking on the flowery garden which gleams in the softened light. Fancy the fairy forms of fair Iberians flitting round you, the sky brilliant with the beams of a subdued day, the guitars of the villagers tinkling in the village *plaza*, the low laugh of a gentle companion, the rich scents floating through the elastic air, and a soft song trilling through an opened window, poured like honeyed gold into your all but unconscious ear. Fancy all this, and then tell me if a southern land be not a fitting scene for love and happiness, and if the most apathetic Teuton or frozen Fin could resist these gentle influences. You will grant me that this is enough, or more than enough; that these sensual appliances could raise fervour even in the Monument; but

what would you say if this were only the framework, and if the picture it contained bestowed not only material ecstasy, but intellectual refinement, when mellow voices poured forth the learning of well-stored minds, and when, through the music that flowed from the finger of the accomplished *mater familias*, the liquid Spanish of the father told tales of the devoted love of history, or, as though the parent and the child had exchanged dispositions, the daughter, polishing rough English to dulcet tones, recited the noble deeds of Hispania's heroes, and inspired the hearts of the enraptured listeners when she spoke of the guerdon that of old awaited the victorious warrior.

Behold now

A MADRID HORSEDEALER.

Mr. I—— is, I believe, the solitary hack-jobber in Madrid, and to him we were referred for mounts; to him accordingly we repaired, and in him we found a friend indeed. Unacquainted with a word of the language of a country to which he had been originally taken as stud-groom in the suite of a sporting grandee, he has managed to make himself wonderfully at home in his foreign residence. His gestures and Yorkshire dialogue inspire his Spanish grooms with deference; and, despite the manner in which he is cheated, he manages, I understand, to pick up a pretty tolerable living. His eyes twinkle with the shrewdness of his craft, and the smile with which he passes his sarcasms on the customs of the place, by some inexplicable muscular action includes in its curl the eyelet-holes of his nose. He never possessed this usually most prominent feature of the face, two little nostrils being the only signs thereof. What he does when afflicted with a cold I cannot imagine. To him we unburdened our griefs. To our first request for horses he gladly assented. He told us he was glad to find an English customer; that whenever he let an English horse possessed of the least "sperret" to a native, an injury either to the biped or to the quadruped was the inevitable result. If the horse was passive the poor animal alone suffered. With a wink, "You see sir," he said, "they ain't no judges of an 'orse. A long mane and tail goes a great way with 'em. If I gives 'em a good 'un, they either kills 'im or themselves. The amount of 'uman blood on my 'ead is awful. If I gives 'un a quiet 'un like this"—here he dug a spur into a poor thin beast, which showed no resentment—"if I gives 'em a quiet 'un like this, four or five on 'em takes 'un and rides 'un by turns for the 'ole day. They gallops 'un, they trots 'un, they spurs 'un; and they're angry if I charges more nor two dollars. They spoils 'un at least to the amount of six." We really sympathized with the poor man, and promised him to take the greatest care of his animals. Before selecting any, however, we broached the subject of a carriage to him. At this proposition he seemed at first very much puzzled; but after a few moments' soliloquy, he cried out "Pepper!" As he uttered this ejaculation, he chuckled to me, "Rum name that, sir, for a Christian;" in which opinion we coincided, though labouring under the belief that the individual in question was named Pepe. Pepper answering the summons, entered into our counsels, and the matter being duly explained to him, the vehicle already mentioned was procured as we have seen.

It should be stated that the substance of these sketches has already appeared in one of the periodicals. The very manner of the writing betrays its origin.

Mr. BRODIE has been induced to publish this account of a visit paid by him to Pitcairn's Island, in consequence of a narrative which he there received of the subsequent history of the Mutineers of *The Bounty*, and their descendants. As it is really very interesting, and all of interest that the book contains, we give it entire:

THE STORY OF THE MUTINEERS OF THE BOUNTY.

When *The Bounty* came here, there were nine Englishmen, six Tahiti men, twelve Tahiti women, and a little girl, landed. The Englishmen had each a Tahitian woman for a wife, and three of the Tahitian men were married to the remaining three women. Some time afterwards Williams's wife died of sickness. The Englishmen then combined together, and took one of the Tahitians' wives for another wife for Williams. This created the first disturbance between the English and the Tahitians. William Brown was sent out by the English Government in *The Bounty*, as gardener, to look out after the breadfruit plants, which the said vessel was to convey to the West Indies. Brown and Christian were very intimate, and their two wives overheard, one night, Williams's second wife sing a song,— "Why should the Tahitian men sharpen their axes to cut off the Englishmen's heads? Brown and Christian's wives told their husbands what Williams's second wife had been singing. When Christian heard of it, he went by himself with his gun to the house where all the Tahitian men were assembled. He pointed his

gun at them, but it missed fire. Two of the natives ran away into the bush—one of them to the west part of the island, the other to the south end of the island.

The Tahitian (Talalo) who went to the west side was the husband of Williams's second wife. One day Talalo saw his wife, and the wives of the other Tahitian men, fishing; he beckoned to her, and she went to him. He then took her away into the bush. Another Tahitian, named Temua, then joined Talalo and his wife in the bush. After this, Christian and the other Englishman sent a Tahitian (Manale) in search of them; he was not long away before he found them, and then returned and told the Englishmen of it. The Englishmen then consulted among themselves what to do, when they agreed to make three puddings and send them. One pudding, having poison in it was to be given to Talalo, and the other two were to be given to the wife of Talalo and the Tahitian (Temua) who had joined them. The puddings were sent by the native, Manale, who gave them to three natives individually; but a suspicion coming across Talalo's mind that his pudding had poison in it, he would not eat it, but eat his wife's pudding along with her. When Manale found that Talalo would not eat his pudding, he induced the three to go up into the bush a little way, where he told them he had left his wife among some breadfruit trees. As they went up to see Manale's wife, the foot-path being very narrow, they walked behind each other, Manale being behind and next to Talalo. Manale, having a pistol with him, and having instructions to kill Talalo before he returned, now took the opportunity, and pulled the trigger of his pistol, it being pointed at Talalo's head, but it misfired; Talalo having heard the noise occasioned by the trigger being pulled, turned round, and saw the pistol in Manale's hand. Talalo then ran away and Manale after him; they then had a severe struggle, when Talalo called to his wife to help him kill Manale, and Manale told the woman she must help him kill her husband, which she did; and in a very short time Manale and Talalo's wife killed Talalo. Manale, the woman, and the other native (Temua), then returned to the European settlement. Williams then took the woman again for his second wife, as he had formerly done. Christian and the other Englishmen then sent Manale to find the other Tahitian (Ohuhu), who had gone to the south side of the island, whom he also soon found, and then reported his success to the Englishmen. The English then sent Manale and another Tahitian (Temua) to kill him, which they succeeded in doing, while pretending to cry over him. They then returned home again to the Europeans. The whole of *The Bounty* people then lived together for some time (about ten years) in perfect harmony. The six Tahitian men from *The Bounty* were brought down as servants to M'Coy, Mills, Brown, and Quintal. This island, when these people came here, was completely covered with sea-birds, and when they arose they completely darkened the air. These remaining four natives were employed to work in collecting a lot of these birds for their masters' food, after they had done their work in their masters' gardens; they also fed their pigs which they brought from Tahiti on these sea-birds. Whenever the Tahitians did anything amiss, they used to be beaten by their masters, and their wounds covered with salt, as an extra punishment. The consequence was, that two of these Tahitians, Temua and Nehou, took to the bush, and with them each a musket and ammunition, with which they used to practise firing at a target in the bush. Edward Young had a garden some little distance from the settlement; and the two natives which took to the bush, used at times to come and work for him, as well as the other two natives, who lived in the settlement. Young appeared to be very friendly with the Tahitians; and John Adams mentioned that he had every reason for supposing that Young had instigated the natives to destroy the Englishmen, excepting himself (John Adams), Young wishing to keep Adams as a sort of companion. At planting time, each Englishman had his own garden, which were some distance apart from each other, being in separate valleys, on the north end of the island. Three of the Tahitians, finding that the whole of the Englishmen were widely scattered and unprotected, commenced to destroy them, beginning with John Williams and Fletcher Christian. At the time they shot Christian, Christian hallooed out. Mills, M'Coy, and Manale, were then working about 200 yards from Christian's garden, and M'Coy hearing Christian call out, "Oh dear!" told Mills he thought it the cry of a wounded man; but Mills thought it was Christian's wife calling him to dinner. After the three Tahitians had killed Christian, they then went to where Mills was working, and one of them (the other two being concealed in the bush) called to Mills, and asked him to let his native, Manale, go along with them to fetch home a large pig they had just killed. Mills then told Manale that he might go. Manale then joined the three Tahitians, when they told Manale that they had killed Williams and Christian, and wanted to know how they might destroy Mills and M'Coy. It

was at last agreed that these three men should creep into M'Coy's house, unobserved; which they succeeded in doing. Manale then ran and told M'Coy that the two natives that had taken to the bush were robbing his house. M'Coy then ran to his house, and as soon as he got to the door, these three natives fired upon him, but did not kill him. Manale, seeing that they had not killed him, seized him; but M'Coy being the strongest of the two, threw him into the pigsty, and then ran and told Mills to run into the bush, as the natives were trying to kill all the white men. But Mills would not believe that his friend Manale would kill him. M'Coy then ran to tell Christian, but found that he had been murdered already. About this time, M'Coy heard the report of a gun, which he supposed had killed Mills, and which turned out to be the case. M'Coy then ran to Christian's wife, who was at her house, and told her that her husband had been killed. Having been confined that day she could not move. M'Coy then ran to Matthew Quintal, and told him to run into the bush. Quintal and M'Coy then took to the bush, and Quintal told his wife to go and tell the other Englishmen what had happened. While she was going along she called out to John Adams, who was working in his garden, and asked him why he was working this day, she thinking that he had heard of everything that had taken place. Adams did not understand her; she said no more, but went away, without telling Adams anything about the murders. The four natives then ran down to Martin's house, and finding him in his garden, ran up to him and asked if he knew what had been done this morning. He said "No." They then pointed two muskets at his stomach, and pulled the triggers, and said "We have been doing the same as shooting hogs." He laughed at them, not suspecting anything the matter; they then immediately recoiled their muskets and again pulled the triggers. The muskets going off the second time, Martin fell wounded, but not killed. He then got up and ran to his house, the natives following him; when they got hold of one of *The Bounty's* sledge hammers, which they found in his house, and beat his brains out. They then went to Brown's house, and found him working in his garden. They fired at him and killed him. Adams, hearing the report of the guns when Brown and Martin were killed, went to see what was the matter. When he arrived at Brown's house he saw the four natives standing leaning on the muzzles of their guns, the butt of their muskets being upon the ground. Adams asked them what was the matter. They said "*Mamu!*" (silence.) They then pointed their guns at him, when he ran away, the natives following him; but he soon left them behind. He then went into Williams's house, with the intention of getting some thick clothes to go into the bush with, when he discovered that he had been killed. He however took some thick clothes from the house, and returned to his own house round by the rocks. He then took a bag from his own house, and whilst putting some yams into it to take into the bush, he was fired upon by the natives, and a ball passed in at the back of his neck and came out of the front of his neck. He then fell; when the four natives approached him and attempted to kill him with the butt end of a musket; but he guarded himself with his hand, and had one of his fingers broken by so doing. After struggling for some time, he managed to get away, and ran off and the natives after him. When he had got some distance a-head of them, the natives cried out for him to stop, which he refused, saying that they wanted to kill him. "No, we do not want to kill you; we forgot what Young told us about leaving you alive for his (Young's) companion." Adams then went to Young's house with the four natives, and found Young there. The natives then went into the mountains, armed, to try and find M'Coy and Quintal, and after several days' search they found them along with Quintal's wife, in M'Coy's house, which was up the mountain. When they found them, they were all asleep. The natives fired upon them, but did not wound any of them. They then took to the bush again. After this the four natives returned to the settlement again. One evening, when Young's wife was playing upon a fife, Manale, one of the other natives being present, became jealous at Temua's singing to Young's wife. Manale then took up a musket, and fired at Temua, which only wounded him. Temua immediately told the woman to bring him a musket to shoot Manale. Manale, in the meantime, reloaded his musket, and shot Temua dead. The two other natives then became much annoyed, and threatened to kill Manale. Manale then took to the bush, and joined Quintal and M'Coy; but they would not have anything to do with him until he put his musket down, which they took possession of. He then told them of what had taken place, and said that he had come to join them and be their friend. Manale then persuaded Quintal and M'Coy to go down with him to the settlement, so that they might kill the other two Tahitians. When within a few yards of the house where the natives were, Manale saw the two natives,

and sprang upon the stoutest of them. Quintal and M'Coy, thinking it a scheme of Manale's to entrap them, made off for the bush again; but such was not the case. Manale soon after joined M'Coy and Quintal. Adams and Young then wrote them a letter, and sent it by Quintal's wife, to persuade them to kill their new friend, Manale; which they succeeded in doing, by shooting him with his own gun, which he gave them when he went to make friends with them. After this, the two remaining Tahitians again went in search of M'Coy and Quintal, when they found them under a tree. They fired upon them, but did not wound either of them. They again ran away from the natives, and, whilst running, M'Coy cut his foot with a piece of wood. The natives seeing the blood, thought they had wounded him, and then went home and told Young they had wounded M'Coy. Young then sent his wife and Martin's widow round to find M'Coy and Quintal, and to see if either of them were wounded. Young told his wife to tell them that on a certain day they all intended to kill the two remaining Tahitians, and that a certain signal would be made to that effect. These two women then returned, and told Young that neither of them were wounded. The plan was now arranged to kill these other two natives in the following manner:—Young persuaded Brown's widow to go to bed with Tetihiti, the most powerful of the two Tahitians, and cautioned her on no account to put her arm under the Tahitian's head when she went to sleep, as his wife intended to cut his head off with an axe as soon as he went to sleep. When Young's wife had killed this Tahitian, she was to make a signal to her husband to fire upon the other Tahitian, by shooting him with his musket; but during the time that Young was loading his musket, the young Tahitian told Young to double load it, the young Tahitian thinking that Young was going out to shoot M'Coy and Quintal. Young answered, "Yes, I will." Young's wife then struck the stout Tahitian in his bed, but did not hit him fair. The stout Tahitian, upon getting up in his bed, was struck a second time with the axe, which killed him dead; at which time she told her husband to fire, which signal he obeyed, and blew the young Tahitian's head nearly off his shoulders. Thus ends the tragedy of the Tahitians. The signal was then made to M'Coy and Quintal to come down, as the two Tahitians were killed; but they would not believe it. Young then cut the hands off the two dead Tahitians, and sent them up by some of the women to M'Coy and Quintal, as a sort of certificate that the two Tahitians were really dead. Upon the women delivering the hands to them, M'Coy and Quintal then descended the mountain, along with the women, and reached the house of Young in safety. They all now remained upon friendly terms for some time. Young took two of the widows into his house (Williams's and Christian's,) and three children; Adams took Mills's widow and two children, and the widows of two of the Tahitian men; M'Coy took Brown's widow, and Quintal took Martin's widow into their houses. Adams and Williams lost their wives previous to this bloody tragedy, in 1793. Young was a half West Indian, born in St. Kitt's. Whilst there he learned how to make spirits. By his knowledge of making them there, he soon made them here, out of the ti-root, by the aid of a large copper boiler which came out of *The Bounty*. The consequence was, that they all took to drinking at times, and many quarrels ensued. Quintal, about this time, lost his wife, she having been killed by falling over the rocks, while searching after birds' nests. Quintal, after the loss of his wife, wanted to marry another one, but the rest of the white men were against it. He then threatened all their lives. Soon after this they got him to drink, and made him intoxicated, when the three Europeans killed him with an axe. After this M'Coy drank to excess. At times he used to be away from home for a week, and no one knew where he was gone. At last he fastened a large stone round his neck and jumped into the sea, where he was drowned. The day previous to M'Coy's drowning himself, Young died of asthma. Adams was now the only man upon the island.

(To be continued.)

FICTION.

Mrs. Mathews: or, Family Mysteries. A Novel.
By Mrs. TROLLOPE. London: Colburn and Co.

Mrs. TROLLOPE has attempted a new style, but we cannot congratulate her upon her success. Her vocation is powerful, if coarse, satire upon the sins and sinners of society; in this she is unrivalled; for that she would be read with eagerness even by those who most abuse her. Her caricatures (for they were truth, exaggerated and distorted) were always amusing, and often, we doubt not, useful.

Her prolific pen has now employed itself on a different theme. She has sought to produce an

exciting novel, as indicated by the title. The mysteries alluded to are of the real romantic class, thieves, burglaries, contemplated murders, midnight prowlings, strange noises, alarming shadows, accomplished villains, unexpected relationships,—in short, the machinery of Mrs. RADCLIFFE transferred to a modern household of a middle-class gentleman. Mrs. TROLLOPE has been evidently fascinated by the skill in plot-weaving of our fanciful neighbours, and has sought to give to the English novel the startling surprises that make the French novels so popular. The design was good, but she is an Englishwoman, and therefore she wants the capacity to accomplish it. We have neither the invention requisite to the framing of such ingenious plots, nor the liveliness of ideas necessary to conceal their improbabilities and divert the reader's thoughts from too critical an examination of the machinery.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are but expressing our opinion that Mrs. TROLLOPE has erred in abandoning the old class of fiction, in which she excelled, for another for which she is less qualified. It is a misdirection of her powers, always to be regretted, as so much time and labour lost to the author, and so much of good to the reader. But Mrs. Mathews is in itself a tolerable circulating library book. It is not worthy of the author, but it is as amusing and as clever as nine-tenths of the new novels that weekly issue from the press. Some of the characters are drawn with her wonted distinctness and truthfulness; they are individual, not abstractions. Mr. STREYTON, the retired citizen, is almost a daguerreotype portrait taken in Guildhall: she has caught the very aspect, tone, and language of the rich, ignorant, and purse-proud tradesman. EMILY, his daughter, a beauty and an heiress, but as vain as beautiful and as silly as rich, is drawn with exquisite tact. Nor can we omit to notice Mrs. MATHEWS herself, who had married at fifty, when all her old-maidisms had become confirmed habits. But we cannot join in the commendation which we have heard given to STEPHEN CORNINGTON, the mysterious villain of the plot, for he is neither new nor true; he has figured before in a hundred novels, both French and English. He is the stereotyped accomplished scamp. Could not Mrs. TROLLOPE have invented one of her own?

And then there are the Mysteries; but we will leave those to be unravelled by the reader, and conclude with a short specimen of a dialogue between the beauty and two of her young friends:—

"How should I know, my dear?" returned the beauty, laying a large ungloved milk-white hand on each of Janet's shoulders. "For anything I know, I may turn your head just in the same absurd manner that I have turned hers. Heaven knows what it is I have got about me that makes people make such a fuss. That beastly old priest, that you sat by at dinner, is the only person, man, woman, or child, that hasn't made a fuss with me since I came home from school. The old brute always looks as if he didn't see me. Idiot!"

"But you forget, my darling Emily, that Mr. Cuthbridge is a Roman Catholic priest. He is bound by his religion, you know, never to take any notice of ladies," said Miss Price demurely.

"Stuff and nonsense, Lou. I don't want him to ask me to marry him, I know he can't do that, child," replied Miss Steytton, tossing her beautiful head; "but if he was not a fool, he might look at one. That could not do any harm, I suppose?"

"I am sure I should think that the looking at you could never do anything but good to anybody. But perhaps he has heard how lively you are, dearest, and he may be really afraid to listen to you?"

"That's capital!" cried Emily, clapping her hands. "And now you have put it into my head, Lou, you shall see if I don't pay him off. Wont it be first-rate delicious, girls, if I can make that fussy, musty old priest take fright, and run out of the room?"

"Was there ever such a rattle as she is?" said Louisa, lancing her head on one side, and simpering in the face of Janet.

"Miss Steytton is indeed very lively," replied Janet.

"Miss Steytton! Oh! that's horrible! I can't bear to hear girls call one another Miss. It sounds exactly like the teacher at school. What is your Christian name, I wonder?"

"My name is Janet," was the blushing reply.

"What do you colour up so for?" cried the beauty, pointing at her face. "Just look at Janet's face, only because I asked her what her name was! Do you blush in that way, my dear, when gentlemen talk to you? If you do, take my word for it, they will all think you are in love with them. I happen to know

that, because I have been told all about it. But I say, Janet, I want to ask you a question," she added in a whisper really low enough to prevent the married ladies from hearing her. "I say, I want you to tell me something. You are staying in the house, you know, with that beautiful fellow that sat opposite to me at dinner-time. What is his name? Stephen, isn't it? Stephen what?"

"Cornington," replied Janet, succinctly.

"Cornington? That's all. You don't seem inclined to waste words about him. You are not jealous, my dear, are you?"

"I hope not," replied Janet, laughing.

"That is all very well," returned the beauty, gravely nodding her head. "And I hope not, too, my dear,—for, living in the same house with him, you would make pretty work of it. And if you are not jealous, I am sure you are not in love; and that is another good thing. I say, Janet, did you see how he was staring at me? You sat opposite, you know—I think you must have seen it. What eyes he has, hasn't he?"

"Yes, Mr. Cornington has very fine eyes," replied Janet, quietly.

Miss Steytton winked at her friend Louisa, and said, "How grave we are!"

Louisa tried to look intelligent, and nodded in return.

Mosses from an Old Manse. By R. HAWTHORNE. London: Routledge.

Adelaide Lindsay. London: Routledge.

Two of the latest additions to Mr. ROUTLEDGE's cheap libraries. HAWTHORNE has few equals among the writers of fiction in the English language. There is a freshness, an originality of thought, a quiet humour, a power of description, a quaintness of expression, in his tales, which recommend them to readers wearied of the dull common-places of all but a select few of the English novelists of our own time. He is beyond measure the best writer of fiction yet produced by America, somewhat resembling DICKENS in many of his excellencies, yet without imitating him. His style is his own entirely. Although so recently introduced to English readers, already he has become widely popular among us, and the production of his *Mosses from an Old Manse*, in this cheap form, will secure for him a yet wider renown. It will be perused with pleasure, not only by the mere novel reader, but by the better class of readers, who require good writing as well as an interesting plot.

We cannot speak in the same high terms of *Adelaide Lindsay*. Although Mrs. MARSH's name is appended to it, the work is not hers: she has only edited it, that is to say, she has stooped to the trick of lending her name to the title-page, in the hope, we suppose, of inducing the unwary to buy or borrow it, on the supposition that she is the author. This is one of the devices that ought to be banished from our literature, or the perpetrators of them expelled from society.

The Comical Creatures from Wurtemberg. Including the Story of Reynard the Fox. London: Bogue.

EVERYBODY is acquainted with the extraordinary groups of stuffed animals in the Wurtemberg department of the Exhibition. Mr. BOGUE has bethought him of the fitness of these for drawings, and here we have the most comical of them in twenty illustrations, and some congenial pen has added to each a sort of story in the like strain of humour, and introduced the entire fable of *Reynard the Fox*, which so many of those stuffed creatures represent. It will be a most charming book for children. Every boy and girl who has visited the Exhibition will desire to possess this memorial of it.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Lays and Legends; or, Ballads of the New World. By G. W. THORNBURY. London: Saunders and Otley.

THE most deceptive faculty in an author's mind is that which elevates him considerably above the rhyming standard of daub and dullness, but which falls short of the quick perception and strong mental grasp of genius. It is deceptive, because it fosters a consciousness of individual superiority, while it fails to disclose the real individual position. This consciousness has often called forth from poets complaints of unmerited neglect and coldness, whereas their brain was not sufficiently comprehensive to represent the universal mind; they lacked that intuitive glance which pierces the very heart of the universe, and perceiving its unrevealed wants and yearning, can take the "instant by the foremost top." By this we do not mean to assert that genius has never

been spurned and neglected; we know that it has, less, however, from design than ignorance. Nor can we wonder at the fact, when we consider that genius is so like talent in this particular that it has its growth and evolutions—its morn flushed with indistinct colours, followed by the full blaze of noon, like the advent and progress of our natural day. Genius, like talent, perfects itself by opportunity and study.

SHAKESPEARE, the greatest exemplar, swelled from the arena of his first drama, until his growing grandeur, like his own sublime metaphor of the rising sun, "stood tiptoe on the misty mountain top." Success in poetry does not spring forth full armed and perfect like MINERVA from the brain of JUPITER. The knowledge of this fact makes the faculty, scarcely less than genius, so deceptive. If, to the consciousness of superiority, the poet brings a strong faith—and faith is to poetry what sunshine and showers are to fruit, hastening and mellowing it—he works cheerfully and bravely on, only at length to fall short of the mark. Will, and opportunity, and study have done their best, but Nature has withheld the "crown imperial," that which elevates poetry and the poet to the footstool of Deity.

It may be urged that if genius is itself a thing of improvement, we ought to encourage whatever approaches near its likeness. So do we, not however with the idea that it will grow superlatively great and grand, but because it is so much above the thoughts of the "working-day world" that it ministers to the pleasures and advancement of our race. Hence it is that we receive kindly Mr. THORNBURY's *Lays and Legends of the New World*. It is not a book full of large promise; it has not the impulsive, yet imperfect utterance, of a mind striving to imitate the speech of the Gods. It is not charged with that confused material which is as likely to explode in bathos as pathos, in mysticism as lucidity, but which shows, amid it all, a mighty mind breaking through its misty way like SAMSON struggling with his blindness. What we have here is sensible easy verse, less suggestive than positive, but full of a charming freshness. It is the rippling flow of rhythm, not its strong gush; the gliding of the rivulet, not the nervous dash of ocean. The ballad of COLUMBUS is an excellent example of the lyrical persistency of the poet. The subject is rich with material as yet unexplored. It is equally so with the other subjects Mr. THORNBURY has drawn from the *New World*. A land so full of the triumphs of peaceful enterprise, so pregnant with the destructive result of military prowess, so naturally sublime and beautiful, would almost make a poet out of the commonest nature. Mr. THORNBURY is not, we think, made a poet by the potency of his subjects, but he instinctively belongs to the minstrel tribe, yet even at the risk of being classed with the critical "snarlers," dwelt on so bravely in his *smart* preface, we venture to warn Mr. THORNBURY not to deceive himself as to his power of utterance. He stands just far enough from poverty of invention to be presumptive, and just near enough to the heaven of genius to work by its light, but not to reach its presence. We are strengthened in our opinion by the translations as much as by the original poems. To transmute the ideas of a great foreign poet with perfect success requires a brain as keenly alive to beauty as the original thinker. This we rarely get, and assuredly Mr. THORNBURY is not one among the rare number. To grasp the idea of the original is not enough; he has to convey it to his countrymen, and to do this, that a poem may not lose more than is absolutely unavoidable in the transfer, there must be a nice discrimination of the power of words. With the occasional touches of melody in Mr. THORNBURY we are pleased, but he has not enough terseness and vigour as a translator. Mr. THORNBURY has, we think, shown us exactly his position as a poet by his translations. Let us take as an example SCHILLER's nervous yet beautiful ballad *The Diver*, and compare Mr. THORNBURY's version of it with Mr. MANGAN's. The former is simply lyrical, whereas the latter is dramatically lyric, and as such peculiarly embodies the strong German mind of SCHILLER. The opening of the two translations is very marked, but we pass on to the description of what the Diver saw and felt under the dark waters.

This is Mr. THORNBURY's translation:

Deep as a mountain far appear
Mid the purple gloom below,
(For the eye may see when deaf's the ear)
The terrible forms that amid ocean glow;
The jaws of that terrible hell-pool dark
Swarm with the kraken and dragon and shark.

Black are the forms that are gathered there
In their poisonous masses rolled;
The star-fish, Medusa, with venomous hair,
Their fibrous stings unfold;
And the water-snake with the glittering teeth—
Hyæna so fierce of the waves beneath.

Half lifeless with terror still I hung,
Mid those monsters dire I laid;
To the coral point I breathless clung,
Alone, and far from all human aid;
Far from all cheering human sound
'Deep 'midst the howling gulf profound.

We now give Mr. MANGAN's translation of the same three stanzas:

And the gloom through measureless toises under
Was all as a purple haze;
And though sound was none in these realms of wonder,
I shuddered when under my shrinking gaze
That wilderness lay developed where wander
The dragon, and dog-fish, and sea-salamander.

And I saw the huge kraken and magnified snake,
And the thornback and ravening shark,
Their way through the dismal waters take,
While the hammer-fish wallowed below in the dark,
And the river-horse rose from his lair beneath,
And grinned through the grate of his spiky teeth.

And there I hung, aghast and dismayed,
Among skeleton larvae, the only
Soul conscious of life—despairing of aid
In that vastness untrodden and lonely.
Not a human voice—not an earthly sound—
But silence, and water, and monsters around.

Which is the greater poet of the two it would be idle to name, but we pass to the conclusion of the poem where the distinction is not less marked. Thus, then, Mr. THORNBURY:

And now they hear the distant roar
Of the back-returning waves;
They gaze in vain on the foam-swept shore,
As they pour from their hidden caves;
And again rush down those waters black,
But never shall that brave youth come back.

How graphically Mr. MANGAN brings the last scene before us, and in the powerful concentration of the concluding line we feel at once how hopelessly we look for the re-appearance of the brave Diver.

The far sounding din returns again,
And the foam is alive as before,
And all eyes are bent downward. In vain, in vain—
The billows indeed re-dash and re-roar,
But while ages shall roll and those billows shall thunder,
That youth shall sleep under.

Austace; an Elegy. Second edition. London: Saunders and Otley.

THE poem of *Austace* is one of those emanations of the heart which has a sacredness above criticism. It is the deep and audible wail of affection singing over the grave, and paying its last tribute of praise to the memory of the loved and lost. It is our province to analyse and dissect the productions of the artist, but Nature is above Art, and we shrink from setting our professional analyses against her unprofessional emotion. We do not, by any means, wish it to be understood that we spare the author in considering the sad burden of his theme. He neither asks nor requires that clemency, because his poem is well and reputably written. The story of the poem is, alas! frequent in the annals of humanity. It laments the premature death of Captain AUSTACE D'EYN-COURT, who fell a victim to yellow-fever in Barbadoes, a few days after he had arrived from England to join his regiment.

We perceive that *Austace* has reached a second edition, at which we are not surprised, considering its elegant form, the excellence of its lithographic illustrations, and the chaste diction of the writer. A melancholy interest attaches to the poem, inasmuch as the father of the youth who found his grave "in a far isle," is the author of the elegy. No one, perchance, knows better than he does, how much consolation the muse can pour into lonely homes and hearts. It takes away from the sting of death when the muse helps to record and preserve the virtues of those who are lost to us for ever; for of one thing we are assured, that the spirit of poetry is nearly allied to the spirit of love.

Homer's Iliad. Books 1, 6, 20 and 24, with a Vocabulary. By JAMES FERGUSON, M.D. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

THE peculiarity of this schoolbook is the copiousness of the vocabulary, which is placed, in the form of a dictionary, at the end, and the giving of four books only of the *Iliad*. It saves the pupil the cost and inconvenience of two volumes, and presents him with the very meaning of the word he is seeking.

The Metamorphoses of Ovid; literally translated into English Prose. By HENRY T. RILEY, B.A. London: Bohn.

THIS is the new volume of Mr. BOHN's Classical Library, which proposes to supply to the reader who cannot peruse the originals, correct translations of all the great writers of Rome and Greece, at a price that makes them accessible to every person who is likely to feel an interest in them. There will be no cause now for ignorance of the contents of these immortal works, even though ignorant of the languages in which they were written.

The National Edition of the Works of Shakspeare. Vol. II. of Comedies. London: Knight.

MR. KNIGHT is republishing in a bold, handsome type, on a full page, his renowned edition of *Shakspeare*, with all the notes and illustrations, so as to bring it within the attainment of all classes. The volume before us contains no less than seven of the Comedies.

RELIGION.

On the Unity and Order of the Epistles of St. Paul to the Churches. By the Rev. A. T. PAGET, M.A., Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge. London: Rivingtons. 1851.

By this book a very considerable degree of light is thrown upon the questions of the order and structure of St. PAUL's Epistles by a theory of their arrangement, for which the learned world is, we believe, indebted solely to Mr. PAGET; at least we have never seen it hinted at, much less traced out before. This theory is that the Epistle to the Hebrews, which indeed always appeared to us the most systematic and the most to partake of the nature of a regularly composed treatise on Christian doctrine of all the Epistles of the New Testament, was the first that was written by St. PAUL, and that it was of the nature of an encyclical letter, and was sent to all the churches to which the particular epistles in addition or explanation were afterwards addressed. This is the sum of his argument, that on the Epistle to the Hebrews all the other Epistles are grounded, and are, as it were, dogmatic developments from it, as from an original *Systema Theologicum*. The author says,—

So close, indeed, does the connection of the Epistle to the Hebrews with all the rest appear, that I believe the admission of its priority will tend to remove many of the numerous ambiguities of style, and to explain or fill up many of the omissions and interruptions which are the favourite subjects of complaint with commentators on St. Paul. Without the Epistle as an already admitted standard of Christian doctrine, all the rest seem incomplete, fragmentary, irregular; but admitting it as the principal member of the system, the mutual bearings of the other members may be equalized, and their seeming irregularities reduced to order. So, if I may borrow a simile from a late discovery, the planet Neptune was found by means of irregularities observed in the motions of another planet. Now, such perturbations in the course of the Apostle's argument are discovered and lamented in every one of his acknowledged epistles. Is not, then, the existence of another epistle necessary to account for them? Have not the place and attraction of that Epistle been defined, while its existence as a genuine Epistle has not been fully recognised? Are not the marks of its whereabouts such as to identify it when named? Is it not part of a system? Is it not St. Paul's? And are not its arguments sufficiently direct to account for the wanderings of the rest? There is a mutual attraction between all the acknowledged Epistles, and all, according to certain laws, seem to gravitate to the Hebrews.

When the author has, by well-considered arguments and fair deductions, as it may be considered, established this position, he goes on to demonstrate that the order of the composition of the remainder of the Epistles is discoverable from their logical order as parts of such a system: and, therefore, that the order of the arrangement of all is as follows: 1st. The Epistle to the Hebrews. 2nd. Those to the Corinthians and Thessalonians. 3rd. That to the Galatians. 4th. That to the Romans. 5th. Those to the Ephesians, Colossians, and Philipians.

Each one of these points is worked out with great critical care and learning, and on concluding the volume an attentive and intelligent reader will feel that the question, with the proposing which the author began, has been worked out, if not to a demonstration, which, indeed, the subject will not admit of, at least to a very high degree of probability. The style of Mr. PAGET is logical

and clear, and displays that *lucidus ordo* which assists a reader so much in gaining a distinct conception of the subject. In familiarity with the text of the Epistles, and in exegetical patience and acumen, his work will well bear comparison with the *Horæ Paulineæ*, while the writer of *The Unity and Order of the Epistles* manifestly brings to his task of interpretation of the Holy Word a more than usual share of acquaintance with the original language of the New Testament, and of philological ability. We claim for this work that it should not be considered as an ephemeral publication, to be read as clever and curious, and then thought no more of, but that it should take its place in the clergyman's library as a standard treatise on the Epistles, with the volumes of PALEY and of M. STUART, and the other known and appreciated Pauline commentators.

Neander's History of the Planting and Training of the Christian Church by the Apostles. Translated by J. E. RYLAND. Vol. II. London: Bohn.

IN this concluding volume of a work whose appearance in an English dress we have already welcomed, NEANDER reviews the Doctrine of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Doctrine of James, and the Doctrine of John. His "Antignostikus," or the "Spirit of Tertullian," is added, and forms a worthy appendix to the more famous history. Mr. BOHN is entitled to the thanks of the religious world for having presented to them in so cheap a form, the most powerful German antidote to German rationalism.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

A Practical Introduction to English Composition. By ROBERT ARMSTRONG. Part I.

THIS is not quite what youth requires. It is not sufficiently simple. We very much doubt whether it is proper to teach composition by *first* teaching the rules; the contrary course seems the most easy and natural—to accustom the pupil to write, then show him his errors, and then teach him why he is wrong. Nobody writes by rule, but we use rules to show us when we have written wrongly, and in cases of doubt to determine how we should express ourselves. Another fault in this, as in the majority of school-books is, that there are too many hard words. The author expresses himself as if he were addressing men already learned and not boys and girls who are going to learn. Hard words are the bane of knowledge.

Olympus and its Inhabitants. By AGNES SMITH. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

AN excellent sketch of the classical mythology, with a survey of the Egyptian mythology in its relation to the classical, and a brief account of the names and attributes of the Divinities, Demigods and Heroes, extremely well adapted for the use of schools and private students, all that is objectionable being carefully excluded.

NOTICE.—We have received some other *small* books, educational and otherwise, from certain publishers who are shabby enough to send us their sixpenny and shilling works, but not their more valuable ones. In future we shall decline to notice the "small books" of any publisher who does not send his great ones also.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Lily and the Bee. An Apologue of the Crystal Palace. By SAMUEL WARREN, F.R.S. Edinburgh: Blackwood.

Is it a jest? If so it be, it is a very sorry one. Is it in earnest? If so it be, then is it very sad. There are some eccentricities of genius at which we smile; there are others that make us sigh, for they indicate something more than eccentricity. The boundary between genius and madness is ever ill-defined; their alliance is proverbial; we do not look for perfect self-command at all times in a great poet; we accord to him a licence which would be denied to the less gifted, and crown him with bay for lesser extravagances than would be held to justify a commission *de lunatico* upon an ordinary mortal. Mr. WARREN has genius; for that we could have excused eccentricity and endured extravagance—provided the flights were those of genius, and the vagaries the excess of fancy uncontrolled. But when eccentricity and extravagance appear alone, with no ray of genius to illumine them, when they are nothing but

incoherent ravings, we can only drop a tear over the extinguished torch, and lament that genius should have outlived itself.

At first we were inclined to treat this painful volume, as some of our contemporaries have done, with unmeasured ridicule. We "slept upon it," and the morning brought kindlier thoughts. It is not a theme for laughter, but for tears. It tells a melancholy tale. The question instantly occurs to the reader, why did not friends interfere to prevent so fearful a revelation? Why did those respectable publishers give their sanction to a book so suicidal of a great reputation? Let us hope that it is but a temporary obscuration of a genius which has been held in honour; but, therefore is it the more lamentable that its aberrations should have been made public; for although the world will gladly welcome the unfortunate author's return to common sense, it will not readily forget the outrage upon it which has been inflicted by this extravagance.

Of course, sober criticism on such a work is out of the question; it would be as impossible to review it as to read it. The following extracts, which are fair specimens of the whole, will show our readers the reasons why.

We should premise that *The Lily and the Bee* is designed to be a sort of prose poem on the Great Exhibition, in which Mr. WARREN raves about everything, without order or coherency, or even intelligibility, in the following extraordinary strain:

MR. WARREN HAS THE HORRORS.

I nothing know! nor see! nor hope! and horribly fear, yet know not what I fear! nor why!
Nor whence I came! Into this dreary fancy Being called!
O, why!
Am I! Or am I not? Is Naught around—O, Conscious Nothingness—
—Deeper and darker still! Horror more horrible! Horror beyond Despair—
Am I resolving into air—or Nothingness—This terror! whence? This sense of Light, Unseen!—of Darkness comprehending not!—of unreality, amid reality! reality in unreality! Confusion! ALL FALSE—and yet, strange sense of Truth! The sport of mocking fiends—
Would I were not—and had not been—Where art thou, Death—
Unthroned by Horror!
I once could think of thee! and hope! and fear! Art thou, Death? Or art thou not—to me—to any—
Yet why this fear—
I sink!—In abyss of darkness sinking—
—All forgotten—forgetting all—Perishing!—Conscious Nothingness—unconscious—

MR. WARREN AND THE COCK SPARROW.

Hark, methought I heard a sound! a little sound—
A sparrow's chirp! sparrow strayed within these glassy walls.
A sparrow from his chirping fellows parted—
And here he live long night—
In yonder tree he tenanted alone.
He alone and I alone—
Now a faint rosy light
Telling of the splendid sun approaching near,—
Melting the solemn shades of night away.
Yet that light seemeth not to cheer my soul.
I am alone.
Poor conscious half-despised
Unit of humanity,
I am alone.
Where art thou, dear mankind?
One of Thee, calls on Thee,
Only learned Poverty,
A bruised heart
And quivering fragment of humanity
In this chilly solitude
Lying all alone.
O come to him, or let him come to you,
He thinketh humbly lovingly of you, and would not injure one!
O me, poor me, I am one of you.
Poor souls! dear souls!
Again poor sparrow! Thy chirp sounds desolate.
What wilt thou do, little lonely one?
The object of thy little life I cannot tell,
Neither thou mine.
Lily! lovely lily!
Here! thou here!
Nature in the Palace
Of Art?
Oh thou loved Presence—blest spirit
With a last vanishing tenderness my heart infusing.
Yes, thou mysterious one, I see, I see the flower!
Which hath, methinks, some hidden eloquence.
O Lily, I would speak with thee, and with a thrilling heart,
Lily! Thou comest to me, all through, all down, the distant starry heaven,
A messenger with heavenly message fraught.

MR. WARREN SEETH GHOSTS.

Oh ancient Ghosts!
Sorely amazed Ghosts!
With strangely beaming eyes,
Fixed still upon that Orrey,
Vain, vain, your toils profound!
Fond dreamings! Teachings esoteric! exoteric!
The Heavens read falsely with your utmost skill!
Amidst subverted systems standing,
O Ghosts, forlorn, and well amazed—
—And yet ye surely are majestic ones,
Living in men's holy memories;
Thales! Pythagoras! Anaxagoras!
Socrates! Plato! Aristotle!
You see me not,
Trembling in my inner soul,
So little and so poor,
You cannot see me—
Or you might despise

Me, and some other Little Ones
Of this our day.
O!—Away Ye!—Into the oppressed, oppressing air,
For Littleness, in Greatness' presence, trembling,
Is perishing.—
Awful Ghosts, away!

The following rivals the ravings of *Tilburina* and the *Governor* in the play of *The Critic*. Thus speak the personages in the farce:

Til. But will you then refuse his offer?
Gov. I must—I will—I can—I ought—I do.
Til. A retreat in Spain!
Gov. Outlawry here!
Til. Your daughter's prayer!
Gov. Your father's oath!
Til. My lover!
Gov. My country!
Til. Tilburina!
Gov. England!
Til. A title!
Gov. Honour!
Til. A pension!
Gov. Conscience!
Til. A thousand pounds!
Gov. Ha! thou hast touched me nearly!

And thus does Mr. WARREN—

In dusky rainless Egypt now! Mysterious memories come crowding round—from misty Misraim to Ibrahim.
Alexandria!
The Pyramids!
The Nile!
Napoleon! Nelson!
Thou, too, old Tunis hast seen vicissitude!
Hast thou forgotten Blake crumbling thy castles with his cannonade?

Of her own dear sceptred Isle, England!—a precious stone set in the silver sea—this land of such dear souls—this dear, dear, land—[“Richard the Second” this last piece comes from.]
Then of her dominions in the North, the South, the East, and the West.
Old World and New.
Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia.

Have we justified our fears and lamentations?

My Flowers. Wertheim and Macintosh. London: 1851.

THIS little volume is intended chiefly for the use of those ladies who are their own gardeners, and unites, with much unassuming information, a gracefulness of style peculiarly characteristic of the gentleness of their own sex. It is intended also to portray to the reflective mind emblems of spiritual things, and to render the book of flowers a meet companion, as it should be, for the book of God. We heartily commend it, for its object no less than for its execution, to those who both consider the lilies how they grow and what they grow for; and who seek instruction to cultivate the purity of the snowdrop, and the humility of the lavender, which, like patience, grows contentedly in the poor man's garden, within the precincts of the soul's domain. Peace, loyalty, intelligence and love are all exemplified by some very rare appositions of flowers to doctrines, in these pages, and lead us to acknowledge that—

One spirit His
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows
Rules universal Nature. Not a flower
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or stain
Of His unrivalled pencil. —Cowper.

It is indeed a perfect little gem in its way.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Gentleman's Magazine, for October, contains some very interesting letters of EDMUND BURKE, now published for the first time. Mr. GIBSON has contributed an account of some recent discoveries of ancient sculpture at Rome, of which woodcuts are given and very curious they are. From the Archives at York is extracted a narrative of Henry the Eighth's visit to that city in 1487. Mr. HEPWORTH DIXON has supplied an account of the SPRINGETT Family, from an unpublished autobiography of Lady SPRINGETT, mother of WILLIAM PENN's first wife. It is a singular document. The Obituary is as copious and original as ever, and the Historical and Antiquarian Intelligence preserves a continuous record such as is not found in any other publication.

The Eclectic Review for October is as various as usual. The subjects treated of are LAMARTINE's "New History," GREGG's "Creed of Christendom," MAYHEW's "Labour and the Poor," a batch of recent Poetry, Mr. GLADSTONE's "Letters," and that which in the last Parliament produced so unpleasant and painful a commotion, "The Revenues of the Episcopal Sees and their Management."

The third part of Mr. KNIGHT's *Curiosities of Industry and the Applied Sciences* is devoted to India Rubber, Gutta Percha, and to Electricity as an aid to Industry, from the pen of Mr. DODD. This is one of the most interesting of the many enterprises of Mr. C. KNIGHT. It should be read by all who have visited the Crystal Palace, as it will make intelligible many things which they have there beheld.

Mr. Tomlinson's *Cyclopaedia of Useful Arts*, Part II., is really a Dictionary of the Useful Arts and Sciences, comprising all the most recent discoveries,

very beautifully printed and copiously illustrated with excellent woodcuts and steel engravings. This number contains a fine view of the Crystal Palace. The various articles are evidently the production of practical pens. *Knights Pictorial Shakespeare*. Part XXIII., contains *The Tempest*. It is a cheap reprint of Mr. KNIGHT's famous edition, edited and annotated by himself, beautifully printed and illustrated with many good woodcuts.

Half-hours of English History. Part V. treats of "Robin Hood and Sherwood Forest," SHAKESPEARE's "Arthur," "King John," and "Papal Power," "Runnymede," "The First Naval Victory," "Simon de Monfort," "The Battle of Evesham," &c. Our readers are aware that the design of this work is to collect passages from writers of all ages and countries, illustrative of our History. Thus the present part contains extracts from THIERRY, BURKE, SHAKESPEARE, HUME, SOUTHEY, Rev. J. WHITE, and HALLAM. This Part completes the first volume. As the compiler approaches the times of the Chroniclers, Autobiographers, and Letter-writers, the materials will be more abundant and interesting. We have read this Part with pleasure and profit.

The Ladies' Companion has been turned into a monthly magazine, and placed under the care of an authoress of fame. The contents of this number prove the increased labour and improved taste that have been bestowed upon it. We find contributions by Mrs. CROWE, Mrs. GREENWELL, Mrs. COWDEN CLARKE, Mrs. T. K. HERVEY, Lady EMMELINE S. WORTLEY, the Editress, and many anonymous writers of almost equal merit. The fashions, the work-table, the garden, and the toilet, are especially regarded in the pages of this periodical, and a corner is devoted to children.

The October Part of *Hogg's Instructor* contains a well selected variety of essay, taste, poetry, and narrative. It also presents a portrait with each Part.

Part XXX. of *The British Gazetteer* almost brings this valuable and laborious work to a conclusion, advancing it as far as the letter W. The information collected is, for the most part, from original sources, and it is illustrated by a multitude of maps and engravings. It is far better than any Gazetteer of England that has been previously published.

Tallis's Illustrated London, Part XVI., contains no less than nine beautiful steel engravings of metropolitan views, with copious letter-press description, and all for a few pence!

Tallis's Drawing-room Table Book of Theatrical Portraits, Memoirs and Anecdotes for October, contains Portraits, with Memoirs, of Mr. WEBSTER, Madame CELESTE, Mr. O. SMITH, and Miss LAURA ADDISON. It well deserves its popularity, for the engravings are excellent and the biographies well written.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

New volume of "Goethe's Correspondence with Frau Von Stein"—Relations of Goethe and Schiller to the fair sex—The heroines of Goethe's works—Peter's "Literature of the Legend of Faust"—Lenau's and Haub's Poems—The Countess of Hahn-Hahn's collected works, and "From Babylon to Jerusalem"—Wissel's work on the Schleswig-Holstein war, and character of General Willisen—Alexander Dumas' forthcoming Memoirs in *La Presse*, and prospects of fiction in France—Re-appearance of the "Revue de Paris"—F. Lacombe's "Histoire de la Bourgeoisie de Paris"—Memoirs and Correspondence of Mallet Du Pan—French Socialism of last century—Michel Chevalier on the Great Exhibition—General Cavaignac and the Siecle—Death of Fenimore Cooper: his works—Want of an English Periodical devoted to Foreign Literature—Tail's Magazine on Heinrich Heine, and William Maccall's Biography of Ulrich von Hutten.

A THIRD volume of GOETHE's correspondences with Frau von STEIN has just made its appearance; and the German critics cannot find words to express their disappointment with its tone. Truly, great men have much to lose as well as to gain by their allotment of posthumous fame. The ordinary man may transact all his correspondence (very cheaply, now that the penny post is established,) with relatives, sweethearts, friends, and acquaintances, and (unless in the rare case of an action for breach of promise,) he is sure that no eye will see, or care to see, the utterances of his familiar, or commercial, or every-day moods. Very different stands the matter with the great man, respecting whose most trivial actions, and feelings, and sayings, the voracious public is, for long after his death, willing to pay down its money to hear. Several distinguished persons have had an eye to this disposition on the part of the public, in an age of print, and have comforted themselves accordingly. Some of them, like BYRON, have composed their private letters with a view to publication; others, like SCOTT, have avoided all self-revelation in their epistolary communications; and a few, like SYDNEY SMITH,

have made a mutual cremation the condition of confidential correspondence. It may be said, "Why be ashamed to write what you are ashamed that others should read?" But every true heart will readily give a conclusive answer (none the less conclusive because it is a silent one,) to such a question. GOETHE, in his later days, felt the risks of publicity that he was running, and he, accordingly, took good care to write in full-dress, as it were, and never to be surprised into an expression or emotion which all the world might not know. But in earlier, and earliest days, of course, when his future renown was unknown or uncared for by him, so warm-hearted a man wrote much that was "not meant for publication." In vain! in vain! One SCHOLL, a German speculator, seems to have occupied himself for several years in picking the locks of any desks where letters of GOETHE's lay, and publishing the latter when they were likely to find a market. Frau VON STEIN was, in GOETHE's prime, his favourite and most trusted lady-friend. It was to her that were addressed most of the letters which compose his well-known *Italian Travels*; and, indeed, it was to escape from her, according to some ill-natured critics, that he undertook the Italian journey at all. Certain it is, that with his return from Italy his intimacy with this lady ended, and that more questionable one began which closed in a marriage with his—maid-servant! Much, in these matters, depends upon foreign manners, and many censures are delivered which are altogether undeserved, when national peculiarities are taken into account. SCHILLER, for instance, passes in this, and in most countries, as a pattern of the romantic, the ideal, and the heroic; while the courtly and worldly GOETHE is everywhere cried out against. Yet, while GOETHE, from a sense of duty, married his maid-servant, we find SCHILLER, in his correspondence with KORNER, coolly speculating on his chances of a rich alliance as an important element in his economics, and discussing his prospects of marriage with Fraulein THIS and Fraulein THAT, as he might the probable copyright of a new and successful play. But GOETHE always said that, in worldly things, SCHILLER was a much sharper man than himself! For the rest, in this third volume of the correspondence with Frau VON STEIN, the familiar "Du" gives way before the distant "Sie," and the whole connection assumes a stately and unromantic cast. By the way, the *Journal des Débats* has just been taking to pieces BETTINA VON ARNIM's *Correspondence of a Child, and Book of Love*. BETTINA worshipped GOETHE as a woman and a thinker, and her letters to him, long ago translated by herself into the oddest English, are among the most curious books of the century. The *Book of Love*, a rhapsody on the same subject, remains, and need not other than remain, untranslated.

The "Female Characters of Shakespeare's Plays" have been warmly and poetically criticised by Mrs. JAMESON, and by a host of writers, from Dr. JOHNSON to SCHLEGEL and HAZLITT. SCHILLER's, and even JEAN PAUL's, heroines have had similar justice done them; but it is rather surprising that no one has taken GOETHE's heroines in hand. Yet in these days of talk respecting the "emancipation of woman," and when Mrs. BLOOMER and Mrs. DEXTER are abroad, few fictitious female characters are so well worth studying and criticising as those which figure in GOETHE's works. We do not mean such personages as *Charlotte* in the *Sorrows of Werter*, dealing out the bread and butter to her little ones—charming as she is. Nor the impassioned and all-defying *Clarchen* of *Egmont*, nor the simple and hapless *Gretchen* of *Faust*. But there are others, in *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, and *Years of Travel*, and in the *Elective Affinities*, for instance, who are every way worthy of admiration and regard. They are women of our own time, with the duties, cares, employments of our own time imposed upon them, and admirably are they fulfilled by them. Really, after all, the heroines of GOETHE are much better worth studying in this age than those of SHAKESPEARE. What instruction in respect to conduct, or in respect even to feeling, can an Englishwoman of the nineteenth century derive from SHAKESPEARE's heroines? Is she to turn Bloomer on emergency, like *Viola* or *Imogen*; murderess, like *Lady Macbeth*; can she play the innocent, like *Miranda*, or *Desdemona*, or *Perdita*; or listen on balconies, like *Juliet*, to the impassioned addresses of youthful admirers at first sight? GOETHE's heroines, be it remarked, are always doing something. They flirt, and so forth, but

that is merely one element of their existence; and with all of them, even with *Charlotte* cutting the bread and butter, up to *Makaria* the astronomeress of the latest editions of MEISTER's *Travels*, doing, studying, contriving, in domestic and other matters, is an essential portion of their being and loveliness. They would be ashamed of the life led by the ladies of our fashionable novels.

We have not done with GOETHE yet. When a man of genius lays hold of a subject, how it for years and years, with its history and destiny, becomes a matter of study and investigation. Herr F. PETER is publishing a second edition of his "Literature of the Legend of Faust (*Litteratur der Faust-Sage*) to the end of 1850." A topic interesting only, because, in early years, it attracted GOETHE, and he made it the theme of his world-renowned play. PETER tells us that his catalogue of pieces relating to *Faust* contains no less than a hundred and twelve articles referring to GOETHE's *Faust* alone. France furnishes some five-and-twenty, and England only one; which, considering that we have MARLOWE's play, as well as the ordinary "People's Book," is, at least, one too few. While upon poetry or poetical matters, we have to mention the publication of collective editions of LENAÜ's and HALM's poetical works. The former has long been well known to the readers of sentimental and pietistic German poetry, while HALM's dramatic version of CHAUCER's *Tale of Griselda* has been played with success in an English version on our own stage, and has endeared him to the lovers of the tender and pathetic in dramatic composition.

Another collective edition is that of the works (published at Berlin) of the fair and eccentric lady, Countess IDA VON HAHN-HAHN. To the literary world in general, Countess HAHN-HAHN is known chiefly as the authoress of some clever, sentimental, and eloquent, but very loose, prurient and sceptical novels, in which the "emancipation of women" from all ties and duties was put prominently forward. Well! this same sceptical and "progressive" Countess has published a recantation of all her former errors, under the title of *From Babylon to Jerusalem*. She is now a Roman Catholic! She has sought for peace, satisfaction, occupation, in the pleasures of the world, in the inquiries of the intellect, in incessant locomotion, and now, at last, after infinite disappointment, she finds them all in the bosom of the Holy Roman Catholic Church! So various are the roads by which human beings arrive at the same goal.

The war in Schleswig-Holstein, and the character of General WILLISEN, the well-known commander of the troops of the revolting duchies, form the principal themes of the newly-published "Adventures and Reflections in the years 1848—51; especially with relation to Schleswig-Holstein. From the Diary of LUDWIG VON WISSEL." (*Erlebnisse und Betrachtungen in den Jahren 1848 bis 1851; besonders in Beziehung auf Schleswig-Holstein. Aus dem Tagebuche von L. von W.*) WISSEL was a Major-General and Brigadier of Artillery in the army of the duchies; and his book throws considerable light on the disputed character of the Commander-in-Chief, General WILLISEN. WILLISEN, before he fought for the duchies, was notable to the military public of Europe as the author of various publications setting forth an infallible plan of military tactics. That a theorist should fail in practice was nothing wonderful; but it was asserted, over and above, that at the battle of Idstedt, WILLISEN's courage and presence of mind failed him. The author of the present work contradicts this rumour in the most positive and irrefragable manner. He was himself by the side of WILLISEN during the battle in question, and had reason to admire the perfect coolness, imperturbability, and self-possession displayed by WILLISEN at the most desperate moments. WILLISEN's chief fault, he hints, was an excess of *bonhomie* and good-nature, which impaired the discipline of the troops; but his bravery was undoubted.

We announced in our last number that GEORGE SAND was about to publish her "Confessions;" and now the news comes that ALEXANDRE DUMAS has contracted with *La Presse* for the publication of his *Mémoires* in the feuilleton of that journal. The great ALEXANDER, or ALEXANDER the Great, himself, is leaving the novel manufactory, and going to embellish instead the reality of his own existence! Whether his *Mémoires* will be very much less fictitious than his novels is a matter of question; but his submission to the demand for reality is a sign of the times. Here are the two most renowned novel-writers of that most novel-

writing country, France, GEORGE SAND and ALEXANDRE DUMAS, abandoning fiction, and betaking themselves to autobiography. In *La Presse*, moreover, one of the present *feuilletons* is not a novel (the other being EUGÈNE SUE's *Mémoires d'un Mari*), but a history, GRANIER DE CASAGNAT's Narrative of the Career of the Directory. The truth is, novel-writing in France has reached its farthest limit. Every species of crime and sin has been exhausted, and nothing remains for the exciting writer but a detail of the crimes and sins of his own life. "If 't were done when 't is done, 't were well 't were done quickly." Come away, Monsieur DUMAS and Madame SAND! Out with your confessions, and let there be an end of you. What is to be the next phase of French literature, whether it will be history or politics, both of them to be still further adorned with French graces, it is now impossible to predict? Meanwhile, let us be just even to French novels, and echo the opinion of the writer of an article on current novels, in the new number of *Frazer's Magazine*, namely, that good or bad, moral or immoral, French novels, of all kinds, escape dullness, and attain the amusing with a success which few novelists, with the best and most useful purposes, have reached on this side the Channel.

In spite of revolutions, and murmurs of revolutions, the *Revue des deux Mondes*, the most admirable miscellany of the kind in Europe, has held on its course all along without interruption, unlike its less fortunate, though not less amusing, contemporary, the *Revue de Paris*, to which, if we recollect rightly, the Revolution of February put a stop. On the 1st of the present month, however, the lively *Revue de Paris* made its appearance again, larger in size and not less worthy of patronage than before. The French far excel us in this sort of thing, and our *Ainsworth's* and *New Monthly Magazines* must hide their diminished heads before the *Revue des deux Mondes* and the *Revue de Paris*.

In the departments of history and biography, the most recent French publications of note are F. LACOMBE's *Histoire de la Bourgeoisie de Paris*, from the earliest period to the present time; and SAYAN's *Mémoires et Correspondance de Mallet Du Pan*. LACOMBE's book has been evidently produced by the pictures of the Paris bourgeoisie in VICTOR HUGO's *Notre Dame*; and, from its graphic and pictorial rendering of scenes and incidents in the old chronicles, is well worth a perusal. MALLET DU PAN was a revolutionist of 1789, who, like many others of his countrymen and fellow-politicians, took early fright at the inevitable goal whither the French Revolution was tending, and migrated to England, to be numbered among the *protégés* of BURKE, and to take an active share in the conduct of the Anti-Gallican Press, which, under the direction of Frenchmen, then established itself in London; and became famous enough at the celebrated trial of PELTIER. The *Journal des Débats* (*The Times* of France, *sed longo intervallo*) honours the work with notice in a leading article, having special reference to MALLET's horror at the socialistic theories which were broached in France with the attainment of democracy after 1789. BABAUF has had his life written by an Italian fellow-worker; and an English sympathiser has translated it. But the French socialism of last century is still a region comparatively unexplored by the present disciples of that doctrine.

MICHEL CHEVALIER has another "last" letter in the same journal (*the Débats*) on the "Great Exhibition." Its tone is eminently hopeful and cheerful; he rebuts the various accusations brought against the present age, and confesses himself perfectly content with its steady and comfortable progress. MICHEL began with Saint-Simonianism, and went about, after 1830, in a sky-blue coat, like the rest of the fraternity. But years have brought new lights, and the quondam Saint Simonian is now a distinguished Political Economist, and one of the sturdiest assailants of LOUIS BLANC and the "Organization of Labour." Apropos of the French press, we have not yet chronicled the accession of that celebrated personage, General CAVAIGNAC, to a prominent part in the direction of an able Paris newspaper, the *Siccle*. The General, naturally enough, does not write, but he counsels those who do;—a strange employment after African campaigns, and cannonading the barricades of June. Fancy the Duke of WELLINGTON becoming one of the editors of *The Standard*.

So FENIMORE COOPER is dead; and not, as we had been led to believe, recovering from the illness which we mentioned in our last publica-

tion. The Americans were proud of him, but not so proud as they might be expected to have been, for there was a certain aristocratic air diffused over his writings, which they dislike in print, although fond enough of affecting it in life. Well! peace be with his ashes. His novels, for many years, had been growing more and more watery; but who that has been young and a reader, and fond of the adventurous and romantic, can forget the books which first procured him fame? *The Spy*, *The Pilot*, *The Red Rover*, *The Prairie*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, what happy reminiscences their very names awaken, of a young mind drinking in hair-breadth accidents by flood and field, on the great deep, and in the savage forest, and the lonely vastness of the prairie. Creator of "Natty Leatherstocking" and "Long Tom Coffin," farewell!

The want of a Foreign Review or Periodical of some kind devoted to Foreign Literature has long been felt. *The Foreign Quarterly Review*, when it lost the editorship of Mr. JOHN FORSTER, now editor of *The Examiner*, dwindled into nothingness, and was, finally, incorporated with *The Westminster*. But, although that publication bears the title of *The Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review*, its notices of foreign books are few and scanty; and, such as they are, for the most compiled from other English periodicals. Nor is this deficiency at all supplied by the other magazines. *Blackwood* sometimes has a lively article on a racy foreign book, and *Fraser* likewise; but, on the whole, foreign literature is neglected. We welcome, therefore, the article in the current number of *Tait*, on that eccentric and gifted being, HENRICH HEINE,—and an interesting biography of ULRICH VON HUTTEN in the *Gentleman's*, by WILLIAM MACCALL, and from the latest German authorities.

Elizabeth Musch. Een tafereel uit de zeventiende eeuw [A Picture from the Seventeenth Century.] Door Mr. J. VAN LENNEP. 3 Dls. Amsterdam, 1851. 8vo.

WE should have been happy to have made earlier acquaintance with the present volumes, but, somehow, Dutch literature is about as slow in finding its way into this country as was formerly a newspaper in finding its way to the Hebrides, where the worthy islanders continued praying, hebdomadally, for good King GEORGE, a full twelvemonth after his death and burial. We presume the fault must be our own, and that of late years we have bestowed all our cares on the literature of France and Germany, to the exclusion of that of Holland and Northern Europe. It is pity this should be the case as far as regards Holland, whose scholars, critics, poets, and scientific men command the respect and approbation of all who are acquainted with her language. We infer from the *Muzen-Almanak*, and from such literary journals as *De Gids*, *De Recensent*, and above all *Vaderlandsche Letteroefeningen*, which dates earlier than all our *quarterlies*, that the Dutch literati possess an amount of genius and ability, which only requires to be better known in this country to be fully appreciated. Among the foremost of Holland's men of letters we must rank VAN LENNEP, who is already favourably known in this country through his translated novels, *The Foster-son* and *The Rose of Dekana*. Several other novels and historical works, highly valued by his countrymen, have since fallen from his pen, and the most recent of his productions is the present.

In *Elizabeth Musch* we have an historical novel in the strictest sense of the term. The writer confines himself within the narrowest limits, leaves himself small scope for fancy and invention, and adheres as tenaciously to GROEN, IMMERZAL, and the recorded proceedings of their High Mightinesses the States of Holland, as if in writing a novel illustrative of contemporaneous English history he had never wandered out of BURNET, CLARENDON, or the Journals of the Lords and Commons. *Elizabeth Musch*, in consequence, reads more like a historical episode than a novel, and the frequent quotation of authentic document heightens the reality of the narrative. With one or two necessary exceptions, to form a connexion, the characters are real, and played their parts in their day and generation. But, in spite of historical shackles, our author walks over his ground nimbly, maintains the interest of his story from beginning to end, and causes the Dutch language, so uncouth to the eye from its multitude of vowels and so harsh to the ear with its gutturals, to acquire, at his hands, a positive beauty and

melody. We have failed to discover that VAN LENNEP is an imitator of either French or English novelists. His style and plan are his own, and we have only to object to his frequent anticipations of the sequel, the consequent absence of plot, and to the sentence before his *finis*, which might be translated into the unsatisfactory announcement, "to be continued." To a certain class of novel readers, *Elizabeth Musch* will present another objection—there is no love in it—no flinty father, or distressed maiden, or love-lorn swain.

The story is laid at the commencement of 1666, when Holland was at war with England, and the Pensionary JOHN DE WITT presided over the affairs of the former country. The hero, or principal actor, rather, in the piece, is the Ritmeester (cavalry captain), BUAT, who has married the daughter of ELIZABETH MUSCH, daughter of the late pensionary JACOB CATS, better known on this side the water as a quaint and original poet, than as a politician. ELIZABETH MUSCH is a well-meaning, but a rather disagreeable mother-in-law—a political lady, and red-hot supporter of the House of ORANGE. BUAT holds an appointment about the person of the young Prince of ORANGE, subsequently our own WILLIAM III. He is poor, in debt, and, at the time the story commences, is a father. At this juncture he falls in the way of one VAN ESPENBLAD, the Mephistophiles in the drama—a cool, collected, snuff-taking scoundrel, and political intriguer, who makes him his victim. From first to last, VAN ESPENBLAD is the successful villain, and fails to have meted out to him the poetic justice which the reader demands, seeing that he is one of the make-weights of the story, and this, with many, will furnish a still further objection to our author. ESPENBLAD is aware that BUAT has had correspondence with his friend SYLVIVS, in England, which, though not of a treasonable nature, ESPENBLAD so represents it, also that he is suspected by their High Mightinesses, and he makes him a proposition on the part of DE WITT, to continue the correspondence, in order to sound the English Ministry with respect to peace, which the Dutch Government is anxious to obtain. BUAT rejects the proposition with indignation and scorn; he is a nobleman, and will never consent to be a spy and the tool of DE WITT. ESPENBLAD takes snuff, hears him storm, and maintains his coolness, and leaves him to think over the matter. Now BUAT is in debt to ESPENBLAD a sum lost at play, and sells his horse to discharge his debt of honour, determining to have nothing more to do with that worthy nobleman, or to pitch him neck and crop through the window, should he dare to mention the subject again. Meanwhile, he communicates to his wife and ELIZABETH MUSCH the nature of his interview with ESPENBLAD. The former approves his conduct, the latter represents to him the advantage that would accrue to the Orange party by his closing with ESPENBLAD, when, without sacrificing his honour, or proving treacherous to DE WITT or his country, he could, at the same time, advance the interests of the young Prince of ORANGE, who was then, in a measure, the slave of the States. Mother MUSCH is not at all to the Captain's mind, and he leaves the house to cool down his rage and vexation. In his absence, the young wife is converted to the views of her officious mother, and BUAT has again to battle the false logic of his helpmate. Next day he calls upon ESPENBLAD to discharge his debt, when once more the subject of the correspondence is brought forward. BUAT gradually yields to the seductive arguments of the wily intriguer, who finally persuades him that he is undertaking nothing contrary to his honour, but, on the contrary, that which will result to his advantage.

At this point, we leave the narrative for a moment to observe that VAN LENNEP presents us with several able and lively sketches of some of the principal historical characters of that day, and that his dialogues and conversations flow on with great ease and nature, while his descriptions are not wanting of a certain quiet humour, which always attaches to genius. Among his portraits, we have the following of WILLIAM, Prince of Orange, when in his sixteenth year, and we feel assured that our author could have assisted Mr. MACAULAY to many interesting details respecting the boyhood of that subsequently so famous man:

A PRINCE AT A CARD PARTY.

In a large and magnificent arm-chair sat a spare, lean youth of a sickly aspect, who was constantly affected with a troublesome cough, and who scarcely ever withdrew the handkerchief he held to his mouth, ex-

cept to take a draught of barley-water with sugar, which stood before him in a costly crystal decanter. His dress was simple, simpler than that of any other guests, and his pale and insignificant countenance would have awoken no other feeling than that of compassion for his weakly condition, save that now and then his hollow eyes sparkled with such an unwonted and lively fire, that men were compelled, as it were, to regard him with more respect, and soon to arrive at the conviction, that, certainly, no every-day soul was concealed in that fragile form. He scarcely spoke; and when he did speak all he said had reference alone to the game, wherein all his thoughts for the moment appeared to be absorbed.

Of his rare tact, even at this early age, in avoiding an inconvenient conversation on political matters, the following passage may be cited, promising that GOURVILLE, a Frenchman, is in the interest of the Spanish Ambassador with respect to the affairs of the Netherlands. WILLIAM is about leaving the card party:

"I hope, my Lord," said the Prince to Gourville "that you intend staying for some time at the Hague, to favour us with your agreeable society?"

"Your Highness is very kind," answered Gourville, "the duration of my stay depends upon the more or less, speedy answers that shall be given me respecting the proposition of the Marquis of Castel-Rodrigo, which I have come here respecting."

Some of the bystanders hearing this pricked up their ears to hear what reply William would make, and smiled as he said, after coughing "You go a hunting with the Marquis sometimes I hear: I have heard your hounds much praised."

"It is true," said Gourville, "they are well trained."

"I hope one day soon to show you how mine run," pursued the prince.

"It will do me great honour," said Gourville, "and if at the same time I can have a conversation with your Highness respecting the proposition of my Lord Marquis * * * *"

"You are an excellent cardplayer, my Lord de Gourville," interposed the Prince, "and I hope soon to make a party with you. I wish to do my best, and to profit by your instructions."

"I am always at the service of your Highness," returned Gourville, "there is nothing I would not do to oblige your Highness; and the message which the Marquis has given me shall, I flatter myself, serve as a new proof. * * * *"

"I am told you have an excellent cook," said the Prince.

"It is true," replied Gourville biting his lips, "a disciple of the famous Vatel."

"Ah, indeed! Vatel, the Prince of Condé's cook, who committed suicide because the fish was not ready in time. I hope, however, that that example has not been catching among the other servants of the prince, and that they may not on the first disappointment thrust a dagger into their hearts."

"*Ma foi!* my Prince," replied Gourville, "if I were to miss the object for which I am come to the Hague, I should feel a pleasure in doing so."

"You would not do like a Christian," said the Prince dryly. "When your cook returns I should like to have the opportunity of proving his skill."

"*Que diable!*" said Gourville, when the Prince had retired some distance, "you tell me that the Prince is knowing in politics; and just now when I sought to bring him on political ground he has answered me with cooks and greyhounds."

BUAT proceeds with his English correspondence to the satisfaction of DE WITT; and, as his intentions are honourable, he makes no secret of his correspondence to his wife and mother-in-law. But in this frankness consisted his mistake, as it in some degree contributed to his ruin. Mother MUSCH, all her kith and kin, and several friends of the House of Orange, who are privy to what is going on, pester BUAT most exquisitely. We have frequently to wish that BUAT had civilly kicked cousin KIEVIT down two pair of stairs, albeit he was VAN TROMP's son-in-law and a burgomaster. BUAT's first letter had the effect of bringing over to Holland his friend SYLVIVS, with his groom Master THOMPSON, who turns out to be no less a person than the English Secretary of State, LORD ARLINGTON, the famous HARRY BENNET. ARLINGTON, in the true spirit of an Englishman, has come over to the Hugue in disguise, to determine a wager, that he should see his mistress ISABELLA VAN BEVERWEERT, to whom he was subsequently married, to hold conversation with the Prince of Orange, and with the French Ambassador D'ESTRADES. He succeeds in his objects, notwithstanding he runs some risk of being pistolled by the ambassador, into whose apartment he has been clandestinely

admitted, and there hears a conversation between him and scamp ESPENBLAD, which neither would have liked to have carried to the ears of DE WITT. Here Master THOMSON, alias ARLINGTON, is informed that he is "wanted" by DE WITT's bailiffs, who are in search of a foreign agent disguised as a groom, and ESPENBLAD tenders his services to assist him in escaping, in which he succeeds, much to the satisfaction of the snuff-taking scoundrel, who does not feel himself quite safe until he sees the back of him. The nonchalance of the Englishman, the embarrassment of the Frenchman, and the self-possession of the plotting Dutchman are admirably represented.

A short time after this the Dutch suffer in a naval engagement with the English, the French King fails to act with his allies in Holland, and the ministers of CHARLES II. in England, having more confidence in their power at sea, are not so very anxious about peace. BUAT's correspondence with his English friend SYLVIVUS suffers interruption in consequence, and he intends to break it off entirely, as he cannot foresee that his efforts to bring about a peace between the two countries are likely to be successful. Just at this time, too, his wife is taken with a fit of jealousy. ARLINGTON's phenomenon is HENRY, and so is BUAT's. Now, ARLINGTON, when acting as the groom of SYLVIVUS, happened to catch his mistress, ISABELLA VAN BEVERWEERT, in his arms, as she was thrown from her horse, which had run away with her at a hunt. Recognising her lover, she exclaimed, "Oh, HENRY!" but HENRY had no desire to be known at the moment, and discreetly retired, leaving her in the care of BUAT, who was soon by her side. One or two bystanders heard her exclamation, and knowing nothing of the English groom, thought she meant BUAT. This comes to the ears of the wife, with some slight embellishments, and makes her very unhappy. To aggravate her distress, she sees BUAT in conversation with ISABELLA, at a reception given by the Dowager Princess of Orange, and spies her slip a letter into his hand. The letter is intended for ARLINGTON, but the wife believes otherwise, especially when afterwards she sees a letter addressed to ISABELLA in her husband's own handwriting. The fact is, that as BUAT's correspondence is not liable to espionage, the lovers select him as a safe medium of communication. The consequence, however, is, that the wife grows cold and formal, and the husband sulks, the more so, that he is short of means and has clamorous creditors. This state of affairs continues for some time, but in the end all is explained and made right, and the married pair are happier than ever. And now the gloom descends. BUAT at length receives a packet from England containing letters, which, as usual, he intends placing in the hands of DE WITT. These English letters were generally accompanied by one marked "*pour vous-même*," which was often of such a nature as did little credit to our diplomatical integrity. The private letters BUAT always destroyed, but on this occasion he was so overjoyed at the reconciliation between himself and his wife, that he thoughtlessly thrust it into the packet which he was to deliver to the pensionary. He kisses his wife and departs, promising to return to dinner. It was the last kiss, the last leave-taking—BUAT saw his wife no more. The fatal billet came under the eye of DE WITT, who was led to believe, from the nature of its contents, that BUAT had been carrying on a treasonable correspondence with England on his own account. To this conclusion he was assisted by VAN ESPENBLAD, who now under a fair face entertained a mortal hatred of BUAT. The latter had discovered that his language on one occasion had been reported in false terms to DE WITT, charged ESPENBLAD as the scandaliser, and challenged him to fight. The challenge was refused, ESPENBLAD had to pocket the epithet *coward*, and bide his time for revenge, which had now arrived. BUAT that night slept in prison; his house was searched, and some papers were there found which appeared to strengthen his guilt of treason. The remainder of the narrative is painfully true. BUAT is found guilty of treason to the Commonwealth and sentenced to be beheaded. The anguish of his wife is feelingly depicted, and her intercession for her husband's life with DE WITT along with her Aunt, the good-natured serene Madam AARSSEN, who is for ever quoting her father's poetical "wise saws and modern instances" is a powerfully drawn picture. Every effort made by the friends of BUAT to save him failed. The Prince of Orange was powerless, and foreign intercession only served to

strengthen DE WITT in his determination "to make him an example." The day of death approaches. BUAT has been some month or two in prison, and is weak and wasted by sickness. His wife, overwhelmed with grief, gives premature birth to a child, and is too sick to visit him. His friends of the Orange party have fled or deserted him. He is a banned man. He knows he has to die and has only two requests to make, that as a nobleman he may not be pinioned like a common felon, and that his scaffold may be covered with cloth of black. We infer that snuff-taking scoundrel ESPENBLAD, thwarts his wishes in these respects. The day of death approaches. The sonorous bell strikes twelve, the traitor adjudged is led from prison to the place of execution. The author with proper taste spares us all the revolting details. We only see VAN ESPENBLAD sitting composedly at a window commanding a view of the place of execution, with a companion, both yawning over the wearisome length of the sermon of the clergyman appointed to attend him, and wishing that it were over. The sermon is ended; the sword falls; the victim dies; the devilish revenge of VAN ESPENBLAD is satisfied.

"It is pity for him," said VAN ESPENBLAD, a few minutes after, and taking a pinch of snuff—"it is pity for him; for, after all, he was a capital fellow at bottom."

It is difficult to extract any passages from this "picture of the seventeenth century." The whole is linked together so artistically that we know not where to break the chain. The card-party is a HOGARTH; the hunting-party a WOUVERMAN; the conspirators a TENIERS. Dress, furniture, and formalities are all attended to. We have only to inquire, with many other readers—what of ELIZABETH MUSCH; what of the red-hot Orangeist whose influence had contributed to this tragedy? It is vexing to be told "Wait for my next book."

MUSIC.

1. *Les Etoiles Filantes; Caprice Poétique.*
2. *Mazepa; Grande Etude Galop.*
3. *Marche de l'Univers.* All by M. QUIDANT. London: Boosey & Co. 1851.

M. QUIDANT is the gentleman who excited such a sensation in the early part of the season at the Exhibition by his performances on Messrs. ERARD's pianoforte. In the modern French style of pianoforte playing he is extraordinary, and we believe he is unrivalled for power over the instrument. The three pieces above-named were performed by the Author before Her Majesty, and were the favourites of many ladies who crowded to hear M. QUIDANT's ingenious compositions. *Les Etoiles Filantes*, is an idea, on the piano, of the sensation one feels when gazing on a beautiful starlit sky, and ends with a very clever imitation of meteors or shooting stars. This caprice is highly poetical, and the conclusion is very novel and effective when well played. *Mazepa (Etude Galop)* will be a crack piece with all young ladies who can play octaves well and like to astonish their friends. The striking melody of the galop is beautifully contrasted with a fine trio in a minor key, which occurs twice. *Marche de l'Univers*, is a very fine National-like March, suitable to the event which it is meant to commemorate. It is less difficult, but quite as interesting a piece as the two preceding by the same author.

Musical and Dramatic Chit Chat.

THE *Demerara Royal Gazette* gives a lively account of the first of a series of private amateur performances, given at the Government House, under the superintendence of Mrs. Barkley, the lady of His Excellency the Governor. The first piece, *Love's Metamorphoses*, is said to be the translation of a French *vaudeville* by the fair manager herself, in which she took a prominent part, enveloped in a gorgeously-hooped petticoat, with patched cheek and elegantly powdered coif. In the second piece, *The Rivals*, the Governor's lady is stated to have performed the character of *Mrs. Malaprop* with great *éclat*, the part of *Arces* being sustained by an amateur, at "only two days" notice, in consequence of the Solicitor-General being compelled to resign the character to attend a prosecution in the Supreme Criminal Court. The evening's festivities concluded with a supper and a polka, and, we may add, 180 dollars were collected among the company for charitable purposes.

ART JOURNAL.

THE *Art Journal* for October concludes its extraordinary "Illustrated Catalogue of the Exhibition," which in beauty of engraving certainly far surpasses the Official

one, while it is also cheaper. But that is not the only attraction. There are two exquisite line engravings of pictures in the Vernon Gallery, WILLIAMS's "Wayside in Italy," and CALCOTT's "Old Pier at Littlehampton," a masterpiece of the painter, and also of the engraver, Mr. J. COUSEN. Then there is FRAIKIN's statue of "Cupid Captive;" a series of woodcuts illustrative of the works of the Great Masters of Art, WOUVERMAN being the subject of the present notice, and a complete record of the progress of Art at home and abroad. It is a miracle of cheapness and beauty.

The Pilgrim's Progress. With Forty Illustrations. By DAVID SCOTT. Parts VII. to XIV. Fullarton & Co.

THESE parts complete a publication which we have already noticed with approval. The composition is clever, the drawing bold and effective. Outline is miserable if not excellent; there is no medium. That these give pleasure to the spectator and are felt to embody the story which must live like a reality in the minds of all who have read it, is the best proof of Mr. SCOTT's genius.

Talk of the Studios.

THE Duke of Northumberland's pictures at Northumberland House and at Sion House, are open to the public, the former till Saturday the 25th of this month, and the latter till Thursday the 23rd, inclusive—for the purpose of giving so much time for their inspection, after the close of the Great Exhibition, by those who for the present are wholly engrossed by the marvels collected within the crystal walls.—The report of the Royal Commission appointed to consider the question of a site for a new National Gallery has been published. The situations which have most claimed attention have been on "the dry soil of Hyde Park and Kensington." "There is ample space for a gallery, and for any future additions on the side of the Gardens adjoining the Bayswater Road"; and no residences would be injured; but the inhabitants might feel their enjoyments curtailed. There is another space—a paddock—between Kensington Palace and the Bayswater Road; but the appropriation of this would necessitate the removal of many beautiful trees, and would interfere to a greater degree with the grounds than the other site. The first is therefore preferred. "The dryness of the soil, and the comparative freedom from smoke, would favour the preservation of the pictures, while the distance from the more crowded districts of the Metropolis would be less felt on account of the beauty of the approaches."—The *Revue des Deux Mondes* gives an account of the researches of M. Perret in the Catacombs of Rome. It appears that the antiquarian in question has been engaged for six years in exploring the catacombs, and in copying the remains of ancient art hidden for ages in those extraordinary chambers. Burying himself for five years in this subterranean city, he has examined every part of it, in spite of difficulties and perils of the gravest character:—the refusal of his guides to accompany him,—the intricacy of the passages,—the necessity for clearing a way through galleries choked up with earth which fell in from above almost as fast as it was removed,—the difficulty of damming up streams of water which ran in from above,—the foulness of the air, and consequent difficulty of breathing and preserving light in the lower chambers. During his long sojourn in the nether regions, M. Perret succeeded in exploring the whole of the sixty chambers and their connecting galleries; and he is now returned to France with a collection of drawings which extends to 360 sheets in large folio. Of these, 154 sheets contain representations of frescoes,—65 of monuments, 23 of paintings on glass (medallions inserted in the walls and at the bottom of vases) containing 86 subjects,—41 drawings of lamps, vases, rings, and instruments of martyrdom, and finally, 90 contain copies of more than 500 sepulchral inscriptions. Of the 154 drawings of frescoes, two-thirds are inédites, and a considerable number have been only lately discovered. Amongst the latter, as we learn from the *Revue*, are the paintings on the celebrated wells of Platonis, said to have been the place of interment, for a certain period, of St. Peter and St. Paul. This spot was ornamented with frescoes by order of Pope Damasus, about A.D. 365, and has ever since remained closed up. On opening the empty tomb, by permission of the Roman government, M. Perret discovered fresco paintings representing the Saviour and the Apostles, and two coffins of Parian marble. It is stated that on the return of M. Perret to France, the Minister of the Interior entered into treaty with him for the acquisition of his collection for the nation. The purchase has been arranged, and the necessary amount, upwards of 7,500*l.*, obtained by a special vote of the National Assembly. The drawings will be published by the French Government in a style commensurate with their importance.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

THE "season" at HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE prolonged to an unheard-of length, has, at last, drawn to a close.

Commencing on the 22nd of March it has existed over a period of six months and eighteen days, during which time there have been representations on an average about four times a week. There have been two important innovations on the practice of former years—the *Soirées Extraordinaires*, and the play-house price nights, as the management facetiously termed the late performances at reduced prices: why they were so called passes my knowledge, for I never yet heard of an English theatre of the present day where the price of admission to the stalls was half a guinea, and to the pit five shillings. I will not, however, quarrel with the name, the idea was liberal and proper, and gave hundreds the opportunity of hearing the great artists of the age, and listening to first-rate music, who would not otherwise have had the means or the excuse. The practice of giving infinitesimal doses of operas homoeopathically, in the shape of one scene, song, or chorus, is undoubtedly unsatisfactory and stupid, yet, we must remember that the generality of visitors to the Exhibition during the last three months had made up their minds (and their purses) to see as much as possible during the short time they could spare from their ordinary avocations. A selection of *morceaux* from different favourite operas suited them admirably, and gave a wide field for description and pleasing recollections when they had left the smoke and turmoil of London for their quiet homes, having safely passed through that awful ordeal "sight seeing." Four operas entirely new to the London stage were produced last season, *Il Prodigio*, *Florinda*, *La Tre Nozze*, and *Zerlina*. The latter not crowned by any great measure of success, and merely performed as a leading part for ALBONI. The other three were each more or less successful. *Gustave III.*, *Massaniello*, under the title of *La Muta de Portici*, and BEETHOVEN'S *Fidelio* were the most important of the revivals, while the ever-fresh *Figlia del Regimento* with the incomparable SONTAG, was one of the great charms of the season. The *Borbiere* and the *Nozze* with the SONTAG as *Rossina* and *Susanna* were also as delicious as ever. *Norma*, with CRUVELLI, *Lucia de Lamermoor* with CAROLINE DUPREZ, *Lucresia Borgia* with the debut of ALAIMO (a failure.) *Anna Bolena*, with *Barbiere Nini*, and ERNANI with SIMS REEVES, and CRUVELLI, were also among the many operas repeated during this season of novelty and admiration; and I must not forget *Linda de Chamouni*, in which the sisters CRUVELLI appeared as *Linda* and *Pierrotto*, or the powerful cast that appeared in *Don Giovanni*. In the ballet department the novelties were not so numerous, the only importation being the *Lilae d'Amour*, in which FERRARIS appeared, a very pretty and fairy-like ballet, but nothing very remarkable, either as regards the music or the general effect. In some parts it was dull to an extreme. *Les Cosmopolites* is a very pretty ballet when all the dances are given, but from the short ten minutes they have been giving lately no correct idea can be formed. *Les Metamorphoses*, in which CARLOTTA GRISI the only *historical dancer of the day* appears, has been the favourite of the season, always providing that it is given unshorn of its fair proportions. The music is pretty and appropriate, and the CARLOTTA'S dancing fascinating to a degree. The dances introduced in *Massaniello*, *Otello*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Il Prodigio* made up a great deal for the absence of novelties in this department. And now I must take leave of Her Majesty's Theatre till March, 1852, when I hope to be able to welcome back again our old favourites in greater force than ever—joy go with them, they have had an arduous time of it this year, and from the first to the last must be very thankful that their troubles and anxieties are at an end for a time.

With the benefit of Mr. B. WEBSTER, the HAYMARKET session has drawn to a close. The theatre and the Exhibition closed on the same day. What the people who are obliged to stay in town will do for amusement during this and the next month or two, I should be very sorry to say. The commencement of the season at this theatre was far from prosperous. The Easter piece, after the departure of Miss P. HORTON, was an utter failure. Mr. WALLACK'S illness crippled the company in some degree, till the timely arrival of LEIGH MURRAY, and Mr. J. W. WALLACK'S career showed that a better actor (Mr. DAVENPORT) was playing second to him. Had Mr. WEBSTER pushed this last-named gentleman, after MACREADY'S retirement, and allowed him the leading business of the Haymarket, instead of looking elsewhere for his first tragedian, the fortunes of the legitimate drama might have been considerably improved. A great deal has been said of *Tartuffe*, as performed at this theatre. It was very correct, very exact in scenery and in dress. In mode of presentation, absurdly so. People go to the theatre to see the manners and customs of different times and ages depicted, as nearly as possible, as they existed in those times and ages, not as they might happen to have been rendered at the Theatre Français, Paris. This is like taking a reflection from a looking-glass, when the

object can be seen perfectly clear without its assistance. The play itself is more fit for the study than the stage: it wants incident, and the peculiar rhythm in which the present translation is written gives the effect of the characters making set speeches at each other, instead of conversing as ordinary human beings are accustomed to do. As far as concerns the acting, Mr. WEBSTER'S *Tartuffe* was perfect, and Mrs. FITZWILLIAM and Miss REYNOLDS acquitted themselves in their impossible characters as well as any one could expect. *Grimshaw*, *Bagshaw*, and *Bradshaw*, is really the only *hit* that has been here for some time. Miss LOUISA PYNE was engaged, and the theatre turned into an English opera. When one swallow will make a summer, then, and not till then, will one singer make a company. How could any one have been expected to take the trouble to pay to see such an opera as the *Queen of a Day*, rendered (with the exception of Miss PYNE, who, though an excellent singer, is no actress,) by a very indifferent company, when, within fifty yards of the door, and at reduced prices, a first-rate Italian company were performing first-rate operas! The Haymarket has certainly not kept its place in public opinion this year.

The *Game of Speculation*, a translation of M. DE BALZAC'S favourite drama of *Mercadet*, has appeared at the LYCEUM. Before going into the merits of the play, I may be pardoned if I say a few words on the talented actor for whose benefit it was produced. In light comedy and vaudeville, Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS stands unrivalled on the English stage. He is the chief of the very few, who give one the least idea how that "all-important but much abused character, gentleman," should move and speak, and have his being on the stage. I have seen Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS in nearly every part he has played for the last four years. I have never seen him fail, either in creating a character or maintaining it. I have never been able to detect any monotony in his declamations, his style is so easy, so natural, that there is no trick, no peculiarity, that can be construed into mannerism. There is no peculiarity existing in the character of mankind, that Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS has not, or will not, some day or other, make his own "for the nonce." The volubility of *Patter*, the visionary speculations of *Cloudestley*, the *ennui* of *Sir Charles Coldstream*, the gentlemanly villainy of the *Count in A Day of Reckoning*, the cool impudence of *Captain Charles*, the calm, deep-thinking *Lavater*, the loving, honest *Harry Thorncote*, the restless *Mr. Swoopington*, and last, though by no means least, the "galling" talents of *Mr. Affable Hawk*, find in him a perfect representation. His *Puff* is the only *Puff* on the stage; *His Master Slender* is the *Slender* that SHAKESPEARE intended—the great Dramatist never wrote for the gallery, and Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS never acts to the gallery. I have endeavoured to point out this excellent actor's internal resources, not for exteriors. He is, without exception, the best dresser on the stage. His coat always fits his character, and his character his coat. He changes and varies his costume with the greatest speed and ease. The change from *Sir Fretful Plagery* to *Puff*, is effected in fifteen seconds; all the changes of character in *Patter* versus *Clatter*, are made in one coat, with the assistance of a cap and apron. His dresses in Extravaganzas, are marked by the same good taste and elegance. His coolness, and manner of meeting any little *contretemps* that may happen during a piece, shows that it requires no trifling matter to put him out of countenance, or to balk him. I will now return to the *Game of Speculation*. Most of my readers will be acquainted with the style of M. BALZAC as a novelist, and the clearness and admirable *finesse* of his plots; and when I remind them that his dramatic fame may be founded upon the play in question, they will naturally conclude that it is a production of no inconsiderable merit. The translation produced at the Lyceum, is as close to the original, as the change of scene from Paris to London, and the difference in the manner of speculation in the two capitals, will permit. The *Mercadet* of the piece, Mr. Affable Hawk, could not have been placed with any degree of safety in other hands than those of Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS. He is the only man on the stage who could play it. The play is far too interesting in its numerous details to be spoilt by a description or analysis of its plot. Throughout it is well acted, though the absence, through indisposition, of one of the light comedians of the company, caused a gap in the cast, but imperfectly filled up. The whining creditor, played with great emotion by Mr. FRANK MATTHEWS, is one of the best parts in the play. Mr. Grossmark, a vulgar monied creditor, is very well given by Mr. SUTER, and Mr. BASIL BAKER appears to more advantage in the good-hearted *Prospectus*, than I have ever seen him before. In the ladies' parts there is a slight falling off; we have the usual high-minded wife, full of good advice and moral warnings, and the pretty daughter, in love with a poor clerk. The latter part very charmingly played by Miss M. OLIVER. It is

needless to say, at this theatre where the scenery is always so good and appropriate, that the piece was admirably put on the stage. The Lyceum was closed on Saturday, but I may venture to predict that *The Game of Speculation* will have a long run when the theatre re-opens in December, when some alterations will be made in the company; it certainly required strengthening, particularly in light comedy. *King Charming* has at last been deposed, after a long and flourishing reign of one hundred and ninety-two nights.

A mere trifle, to illustrate the folly of the absurd attempt to create a revolution in the present position of the female portion of the community, by means of a change of dress, has been produced at the ADELPHI under the title of *Bloomerism*, or *the Follies of the Day*. There is really nothing in the piece, but the novelty of the costume and the always charming acting of Miss WOOLGAR, who looked so graceful and elegant in her new dress, that the absurdity of the style was for a time dispelled by the charm given to it by the fair wearer. The husbands of the ladies who for a time have adopted *Bloomerism*, have each their individual crotchets, Vegetarianism, Homoeopathy, Phreneticism, Universal Brotherhood, &c. &c. &c. Without the least particle of toleration for each other's fancies, they denounce every project for ameliorating mankind, but their own, as "humbug,"—an idea so well treated by Mr. CHARLES DICKENS in a late article in *Household Words*, entitled "Whole Hogs." To cure their lords of these insane ideas, their better halves adopt the Bloomer dress, and a mutual compromise takes place. The ladies agree to take again their petticoats, and the men their senses, and a dance of reconciliation, entitled the Bloomer Polka, by Mr. ALFRED MELLON, winds up the affair, amidst the roars of the audience. While on this subject I cannot refrain from giving a sample of how unwilling we are to "see ourselves as others see us." A foreigner was ridiculing the flowing dresses worn by the graceful girls who gave such a charm to our Exhibition during the months of May and June. A glance to the nether man of this denouncer of superfluity in female dress, would suffice to show that what he considered sauce for the goose, was totally inapplicable in the case of the gander. The drapery of his "ahems," as *Punch* calls them, being alike preposterous, inelegant, and unmasculine. Mr. JOSH. SILSBEE, "The only successful delineator of American peculiarities," as the bills inform us, has made a decided *hit* here, but I am inclined to think that Mr. SILSBEE must change his quarters repeatedly, for people will soon get tired at laughing at the same style of thing over and over again. Americanisms, as we have learnt to call them, are very amusing, but where they are drawn out by the yard they get wonderfully tiresome to say the best of them.

The *Country Squire* has been revived at the OLYMPIC, and Mr. FARREN again takes his original part of *Squire Broadland*, and enunciates, I cannot say sings, the old song of "The Fine Old English Gentleman." This has been called "a remarkable personation:" it is, indeed, a very remarkable personation, only some of our dramatic critics are unwilling, or lack courage to make the remarks that are, day by day, more called for. Mr. HENRY FARREN threw a good deal of character into his part, as the spoiled, foppish, but, withal, good-hearted *Horace*.

There is nothing new at the PRINCESS'S.

Mr. PHELPS is drawing crowded audiences to SADDLER'S WELLS, by his excellent personation of *Timon of Athens*. The entire play is produced and acted in a first-rate manner.

The BATEMAN Children are about taking a tour in the Provinces. LORNETTE.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY.—The laborious researches of Dr. T. Williams, "On the Structure of the Branchiæ and Mechanism of Breathing in the Pholades and other Lamellibranchiate Mollusca," have led him to the following conclusions:—

"1. That the blood in all Lamellibranchiate Mollusca is highly corpuscular.

"2. That the branchiæ in all species are composed of straight parallel vessels returning upon themselves.

"3. That the heart is systemic.

"4. That the parallel vessels of the branchiæ are provided with vibratile cilia, disposed in linear series on either side of the branchial vessel, causing currents which set in the same direction as the blood currents.

"5. That in Pholades, the syphons are richly lined with vibratile cilia, as well as the branchial plates.

"6. That the branchial syphon acts in drawing in water into the chamber of the mantle, by the dilating of the valves of the shell.

"7. That a part of the water which is thus drawn into the branchial chamber is swallowed, and eventually rejected by the fecal orifice, and that the rest is expelled by the orifice in the mantle, and in part by the branchial orifice.

"8. That this expiratory fluid is surcharged with

carbonic acid and fluid secretions, furnished by the interior of the mantle.

"9. That this current, escaping with force against the walls of the cell in which the animal lives, acts as a solvent upon the particles disintegrated by the action of the valves; that the boring of the Pholades can, therefore, only be explained on the principle which involves a chemical as well as a mechanical agency.

Steenstrup, a Dutch or Swedish Naturalist, has the merit of having first grouped together, and pointed out, the analogies of the different stages in the animals that undergo successive changes, which constitute a metagenesis rather than a metamorphosis; he generalizes the facts under the phrase "Alternate Generation," and calls the procreant larvæ "Amme" or "Nurses," and "Gross-Amme," or "Grand-nurses."

Professor Owen thinks the key to the power on which the metagenesis depend, is afforded by the process which the germinal part of every egg undergoes, before the embryo begins to be formed. A principle answering to the pollen that fertilizes the seed of plants, is the efficient cause of these changes; its mode of operating is best seen in the transparent eggs of some minute worms; the principle manifests itself as a transparent, highly refractive globule in the centre of the egg; it then divides, and each division, attracting the vitelline matter of the egg about it, divides that matter into two parts. This division is repeated with the same result, until the principle has diffused itself by indefinite multiplication through the whole yolk which then constitutes the "germ-mass." The next stage is the formation of the embryo; certain of the minute subdivisions, called nuclei, or nucleated cells, combine and coalesce to constitute the tissues of the embryo; they are afterwards incapable of generating other cells. If all be so metamorphosed, the organism cannot procreate of itself, but if a part only of the germ-mass be metamorphosed into tissues, the unchanged remnant may, under the stimulus of food and warmth, repeat the same actions as those that formed the first germ-mass, and lay the foundation of future embryos. In proportion to the amount of the substance of an organism which retains the primitive condition of cells, is the power of producing new individuals without receiving a fresh supply of the pollen-principle. Thus, in a plant, when the seed has received the matter of the pollen-filament, analogous changes take place to those that have been described in the animal egg, and the embryo plant appears in the form of the cotyledon leaf with its radicle or rootlet. From this shoots forth another leaf with its stem, and the cellular substance of the pith with its share of the pollen-principle, goes on developing fresh leaves and leaf-stalks, until a provision for developing fresh pollen is made, by transforming certain individual leaves into a higher form of the elemental plant. The development of the compound polype follows very closely the stages of the compound plant, which we call shrub or tree; the ovum, like the seed, having received the pollen-principle, is converted into countless cells and nuclei of cells by the process for diffusing that principle through, or of assimilating it with the matter of the egg. The true nature and relation of the individual polype to the compound whole, is well illustrated by the propagations of the aphides.

The generation of a larval aphid may be repeated from seven to eleven times, without any more accession to the primary pollen-force of the retained cells, than in the case of the zoophyte or plant. At length, however, the last apterous, or larval aphid, so developed, proceeds to be metamorphosed into a winged individual, in which either only the fertilizing filaments are formed, as in the case of the stamens of the plant, or only the ovules, as in the case of the pistil. We have, in fact, at length male and female individuals, preceded by procreative individuals of a lower or arrested grade of organization, analogous to the gemmiparous polypes of the zoophyte, and to the leaves of the plant. In this animal, the aphid, from seven to eleven successive generations have been traced before the individual has finally metamorphosed itself into the winged male, or winged oviparous female. In autumn, when the nights grow chilly and long, the oviparous image completes her duty by depositing the eggs in the axils of the leaves of the plant, where they are protected from the winter frost, and ready to be hatched at the return of spring. Then recommences the cycle of change, which being carried through a succession of individuals, and not completed in a single life-time, is a metagenesis rather than a metamorphosis.

This phenomenon, which until very recently was deemed an exception, and a most marvellous one, in nature, now proves to be an example of a condition of procreation, to which the greater part of organised nature is subject.

BOTANY.—From a recent number of *The Literary Gazette* we learn that M. Rochet d'Heriourt, the distinguished traveller, has brought from Abyssinia the root of the *Cucumis Abyssinica*, said to be possessed of the valuable property of curing hydrophobia in dogs. In presenting it to the Academy of Sciences, M. d'Heriourt stated that he had himself seen, in Abyssinia, several dogs in different stages of madness, completely cured by having the powder of the root mixed with food. The communication was received with the liveliest interest, and experiments were ordered to be made. In the last sitting of the Academy, a report was presented by the director of the Veterinary School at Alfort, stating that he had tried the remedy

on four mad dogs, but without the slightest success. He added, that fearing the roots might have lost their virtue, he procured one of a living plant from the Jardin des Plantes, but that it, too, was inefficacious. Further experiments are, however, to be made, and more roots are to be obtained from Abyssinia. There seems no reason why what is a remedy for a dreadful malady in Africa, should not be a remedy for the same malady in Europe also. We fear, our medical friends generally, will scarcely be satisfied with the above statement, for what is wanted in relation to this subject, is not so much the knowledge of a remedy against the presence of rabies in dogs, as the possession of an antidote to hydrophobia in the human subject; one of the most distressing and fatal of all diseases, and which is not known to exist, as to its cause and origin, apart from the bite of a dog or other animal in a rabid state.

Two or three years ago, Mr. Fortune was engaged by the Directors of the East India Company, to proceed to the northern coast of China, for the purpose of obtaining the best specimens of the varieties of the tea plant, to make inquiries, and to collect information respecting the different kinds of the manufacture of the article, and, if practicable, to make arrangements with some manufacturers, possessed of the requisite knowledge of the processes employed on the teas in ordinary use, to return with him to India. On this subject of great national importance, *The Times* remarks that "Mr. Fortune seems to have been very successful in his mission, as he has continued to send seeds and tea-plants to India from the northern parts of China, and private letters mention that in addition to the 8,000 previously sent from the black tea and green tea districts of China, he has returned to India, indeed had arrived at the tea nurseries in the Himalaya, bringing with him above 12,000 living plants, and a vast number of seeds in a germinating state; so that with these and their produce, the whole of the north-western hills and the Kohistan of the Punjab may be planted in a comparatively short period of time. Mr. Fortune had also succeeded in bringing with him eight more manufacturers of tea from the above districts, and is reported to have said, 'that the vegetation of the tea nurseries bears a striking resemblance to that of the China tea-hills; that the rocks and soil are identical, and that the nurseries on the sides of sloping hills, as at Paoree, and near Almorah, were most healthy and full of vigorous-looking plants.'"

ETHNOLOGY.—Dr. Young, in a paper "On certain Races in India," which details the chief peculiarities of the inhabitants of Lower Bengal, describes them ethnologically as follows. The stature of the men is low, and their muscular development is deficient, whereas the women on account of their household duties attained a higher physical standard. Their complexion varies from bronze to black. The hair is never woolly. The marriage ceremony amongst them is simple, and no divorce is allowed, whilst polygamy is permitted. The moral characteristics of the race in no way ranks high. Widows are not permitted to re-marry. The sick are treated by native doctors, whose treatment consists chiefly of charms and superstitious observances in addition to a few vegetable medicines. But little care is bestowed upon their children; and no striking religious observances are used in reference to them at any period of life. These people are not generally long-lived. Their literary knowledge is deficient; but they are described as excelling in music.

Sir Robert Schomburgk in his travels in Santo Domingo, discovered a granitic ring in the neighbourhood of San Juan de Maguana, which appears to have altogether escaped the observation of previous historians and travellers. This granitic ring is now known in the neighbourhood under the name of "el Cercado de los Indios," and lies on a savannah surrounded with groves of wood, and bounded by the river Maguana. This circle consists mostly of granitic rocks, which prove by their smoothness, that they have been collected on the banks of a river, probably at the Maguana, although this river is at a considerable distance from this spot. The rocks are chiefly each from thirty to fifty pounds in weight, and have been placed closely together, giving the ring the appearance of a paved road, twenty-one feet in breadth, and, as far as the trees and bushes which had grown up from between the rocks, permitted the travellers to ascertain, 2,270 feet in circumference. A large granitic rock, five feet seven inches in length, ending in obtuse points, lies nearly in the midst of the circle partly embedded in the ground. It has been smoothed and fashioned by human hands; and although the surface has suffered from atmospheric influence, there is evidence that it was designed to represent a human figure; the cavities of the eyes and mouth being still visible. This rock has in every respect the appearance of the figure represented by Père Charlevoix in his "Histoire de l'Ile Espagnole ou de Saint Domingue," which he describes "comme une Figure trouvée dans une Sepulture Indienne." A pathway of the same breadth as the ring, extends from it firstly due west, and turns afterwards at a right angle to the north, ending at a small brook.

No doubt can exist that this circle surrounded the Indian Idol, and that within it, thousands of the natives adored the deity in the unshapen form of the granite rock.

But another question of considerable ethnological interest remains to be solved: Were the inhabitants whom the Spaniards found in the island the constructors of this ring? Were they the worshippers of this deity?

Sir R. Schomburgk thinks they were not. In support of this opinion he adduces this additional evidence. Among the antiquities recently discovered near San Diego, within a day's march of the Pacific Ocean, at the head of the Gulf of California, are also granitic rings or circular walls round venerable trees, columns, and blocks of hieroglyphics. Sir R. Schomburgk concludes that the granitic ring near to San Juan, the figures which he has seen cut into rocks in the interior of Guiana, and the sculptured figures, to belong to a race much superior in intellect to the one Columbus found in Hispaniola, who came from the northern parts of Mexico, adjacent to the ancient country or district of Herestecas, and that this race was conquered and extirpated by the nations that inhabited the countries when the Europeans landed.

In a former number of *THE CRITIC*, vide page 444, the attention of our readers was directed to the important invention of the Chevalier Claussen, of what is termed Flax-cotton; in reference to this subject, it is stated in *The Belfast Mercury*, that Dr. Hodges, Professor of Agriculture, Queen's College, Belfast; Dr. Blyth, Professor of Chemistry, and Mr. Murphy, Professor of Agriculture, Queen's College, Cork, have been appointed as a commission to investigate the merits of the process of preparing flax, patented by M. Claussen. The experiments are being conducted at the flax steeping establishment of Mr. Dargan, about twenty miles from the city of Cork.

MEDICINAL CIGARS.—The employment of various organic and inorganic substances of a volatilisable nature in the cigar form, has frequently been resorted to. In this way stramonium, cicuta, Raspail's camphor, and corrosive sublimate, have been used by means of tobacco deprived of its nicotine. The great efficacy of this last substance in some forms of ulcerated throat, in Dr. Landerer's hands, has rendered him very desirous of extending this form of medication. He prepared cigars, therefore, by moistening tobacco freed from nicotine with tincture of iodine, a solution of mercury in sulphuric ether, or a solution of iodide of potassium. He found these cigars of great utility in some ulcerations of the throat. So, too, by moistening the tobacco with an æthereal solution of hyoscyamine, he has relieved most obstinate spasmodic cough, without inducing any narcotism. Among other substances tried, he found a solution of creosote in spirit of wine and ether, a very useful form in scorbutic ulceration of the gums. Cigars formed of this substance are also very useful in the toothache. Arsenical cigars, formed by steeping the tobacco in Fowler's solution, have also been employed; and Dr. Landerer believes that this form of medication might be extended to a great variety of substances.

NEW INVENTION FOR BALLASTING VESSELS.—The new invention for ballasting vessels, is likely to prove a valuable element of prosperity and advantage to vessels, and to their owners and masters. The advantages which it offers are safety, cleanliness, and economy of time, labour, and expense, a combination of advantages important in every business, and more especially to the commercial marine at the present moment, by enabling it to meet the loss it has sustained by the repeal of the Navigation Laws. Hitherto it has been a very common sight to witness vessels in our rivers, high and dry on a bank of sand or shingle, taking in ballast; a process not only at times very protracted, but also injurious to the succeeding cargo, to say nothing of the time thus sacrificed. The new mode of ballasting vessels promises two additional voyages between London and Newcastle, in the same space of time formerly occupied by one voyage; this alone is no slight recommendation in its favour; but there is besides, greater safety and an abridgment of labour. Bags made of waterproof canvass are filled with water, by means of pumps and pipes, so arranged that they can be filled or emptied while the vessel is leaving or entering a harbour, without delay or loss of time, and as the practical results will be economy in time and expense, in addition to much greater cleanliness and safety to the vessels, and their contents, the success of this invention may be most reasonably looked for.

NEW MODE OF DISCHARGING GUNPOWDER.—*The Army and Navy Register* informs us, that very lately a series of interesting experiments have been tried at the Gutta Percha Company's Works, wharf-road, City-road, for the purpose of demonstrating the means by which this remarkable production may be applied to the operation of discharging gunpowder. A galvanic battery was connected with upwards of fifty miles of copper wire, covered with gutta percha, to the thickness of an ordinary black lead pencil. The wire, which was formed into coils, and which has been prepared for the projected submarine telegraph, was attached to a barge moored in the canal alongside the manufactory, the coils being so fixed together (although the greater portion of them were under water) as to present an uninterrupted communication with the battery, to a distance limited at first to fifty-seven miles, but afterwards extended to seventy miles. A cartridge formed with a small hollow roof of gutta percha, charged with gunpowder, and having an intercommunicating wire attached, was then brought into contact with the electric current. The result was, that a spark was produced, which, igniting the gunpowder, caused an immediate explosion similar to that which would arise from the discharge of a small cannon. The same process was carried out in various ways with a view of testing the efficient manner in which the gutta percha had been rendered impervious to wet, and in one

instance, the fusee or cartridge was placed under the water. In this case, the efficiency of the insulation was equally well demonstrated by the explosion of the gunpowder at the moment the necessary contact was produced; and by way of showing the perfect insulation of the wire, an experiment was tried which resulted in the explosion of the fusee from the charge of electricity retained in the coils of wire, three seconds after contact with the battery had been broken. This feature in the experiment was especially interesting from the fact of its removing all difficulty and doubt as to whether the gutta percha would so far protect the wires as to preserve the current of electricity under the most disadvantageous circumstances. Another experiment was successfully tried by passing the electric current to its destination through the human body. Mr. C. J. Woollaston, C.E., volunteered to form part of the circuit by holding the ends of thirty-five miles of the wire in each hand. The wire from the battery was brought to one end of the entire length of seventy miles, and instant explosion of the cartridge took place at the other end. The experiments were altogether perfectly successful, as showing beyond all question, that the properties of gutta percha and electricity combined, are yet to be devoted to other purposes than that of establishing a submarine telegraph. The blasting of a rock, the destruction of a fortification, and other operations which require the agency of gunpowder, have often been attended with considerable danger and trouble, besides involving large outlays of money, but it may be truly said, that the employment of electricity in the manner described, is calculated to render such operations comparatively free from difficulty. Amongst the company present on this occasion was Sir Charles Pasley, who took a warm interest in the proceedings, and expressed himself much gratified at the result. It is impossible to foretell the value of this discovery, particularly in engineering and mining operations. It is another addition to the benefits the public derive from the enterprise of the Gutta Percha Company.

NECROLOGY

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

THE decease of this distinguished man, who for over a quarter of a century has held such an eminent position in American literature, took place at one o'clock on Sunday afternoon, the 14th September at his residence in Cooperstown. For several months past, his health had been in a condition which awakened the anxiety of his friends, although with a vigorous constitution and temperate habits, they could not but anticipate his attainment of a ripe old age.

Mr. Cooper was born at Burlington, N.J., on the 15th of September, 1789, and had he lived one day longer, he would have been sixty-two years of age. His father, the late Judge Cooper, was a large landholder in Otsego county, in this State, residing alternately at Burlington and Cooperstown, and giving his name to the latter township, which has since been distinguished as the residence of the world-renowned author. He received the rudiments of a classical education under a private instructor at Burlington, continued his studies with an accomplished Episcopal clergyman in Albany, and was prepared by him for Yale College, which he entered in 1802. At this early age, scarcely, turned of thirteen, he was ill-qualified for the attainment of academic distinction; still he held a respectable place in his class; and in the department of ancient languages is said to have outstripped every competitor. It is certain, however, that he had not yet manifested a vocation for a literary life. No one who then saw the blooming and somewhat reckless youth, who it is understood had already begun to develop the spirit of sturdy independence, which afterward took the shape of wayward obstinacy, could have predicted or suspected the position which he was destined to win among the literary men of his country. A native passion for the sea, and an unconquerable love of adventure, led him, among other causes, to solicit admission into the American Navy, at that time in its most imperfect infancy, and in 1805 he entered the service as a midshipman. He remained in the Navy for six years. The influence of this period of his life is indelibly stamped upon his subsequent productions. It enabled him to describe the minutiae of nautical affairs with that breadth and boldness of touch, which could be commanded by no writer who had not himself been rocked on the giddy mast, and to whom the taste of salt water was not more familiar than the fountains of Helicon. With the vivid impressions of experience, obtained in the fresh and wondering age of boyhood, with a creative imagination singularly alive to the impulses of external Nature, and with a freedom and energy of delineation which is imparted only by the possession of actual knowledge, he had a store of materials for the production of "tales of the sea," which, had he written in no other department of fiction, would have decided his reputation as a consummate master.

In the year 1810 Cooper resigned his post in the Navy, was married to the lady who survives to mourn his loss, and took up his residence at Westchester, in the vicinity of New-York. He remained in this place but a short time, when he removed to his paternal estate in Cooperstown, and pursued in earnest his career as a writer of fiction. He had previously published his maiden novel entitled *Precaution*, a work which gives

little promise of the noble creations with which his name has since been so honourably associated. Within fifteen years he successively issued *The Spy*, *The Pioneers*, *The Pilot*, *Lionel Lincoln*, and *The Last of the Mohicans*, triumphantly legitimating his claim to the character of an original and powerful novelist.

Soon after the appearance of *The Last of the Mohicans*, in 1826, Mr. Cooper sailed for Europe, where he remained for several years. During this time he wrote several of his most successful works, including *The Bravo*, *The Red Rover*, and *The Prairie*, and soon established a reputation, which, with the robust qualities of his personal character and the dignified frankness of his manner, made him a welcome visitant in the most distinguished European circles.

His most valuable productions after his return to the United States, are *The Pathfinder*, *The Destroyer*, *The Two Admirals*, and *Wing and Wing*, all of which display his admirable power of invention, his bold conceptions of character, and his rare mastery of graphic and impressive portraiture. His more recent performances, in which he endeavours to use the novel as a vehicle for political declamation are wholly unworthy of his fame, and will only leave a blot on the memory of his genius. Their general style is forced, artificial, and often repulsive; with little grace of expression and no dramatic vigour of plot; showing the exaggerations of a morbid fancy rather than the healthy action of a fertile imagination; and steeped deep in the bitter prejudices of a partizan, with whom passion gave the law to reason. In this sphere of composition, it is most charitable to believe that Mr. Cooper was out of his element. We certainly find his better self, and we hope, his truer self, in his earlier productions, which are redolent of the bracing atmosphere of the forest and the ocean, and which breathe a spirit of trust in humanity and reverence for the instincts of the universal heart. Destitute of the wisdom suggested by calm and unimpassioned contemplation, remarkably deficient in the power of consecutive reasoning, with no sense of the fine and subtle discriminations which are usually essential to the detection of truth, Mr. Cooper should never have forsaken his peculiar province of fictitious creation, to assume the office of a didactic writer on questions of ethics and politics, and his failure in this attempt was made more conspicuous by the brilliancy of his achievements in a more congenial sphere. It is painful to observe such utter worthlessness of endeavour in a man whose ability had raised him to an eminence which the most aspiring might envy.

But now that his fame is entrusted to the impartial keeping of time, and submitted to the stern ordeal of collective opinion, we may easily foresee that the dross which had mixed itself with the happier element of his genius will pass into oblivion, and his record will remain in brightness and purity among the rich and gifted minds of which humanity gratefully cherishes the memorial.—*New York Tribune*.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

1. OF BOOKS, &c.

THE map of France, which was begun in 1817, is not yet finished. It is to contain 258 sheets, of which 149 are already published. There yet remains five years' work in surveying, and nine years' work in engraving, to be done. The total cost will exceed 400,000*l.* sterling. Up to this time 2,249 staff-officers have been employed in the work.—We learn from Hanover that in the course of a revision of the archives of Celler, a box has been found containing a collection of important documents from the thirty years' war—viz., part of the private correspondence of Duke George of Brunswick-Lüneburg, with drafts of his own epistles, and original letters from Pappenheim, Gustavus Adolphus, and Piccolomini.

2. OF LITERARY MEN.

Her Majesty has granted a pension of 100*l.* a year on the civil list to the family of the late Rev. James Seaton Reid, D.D., Professor of Church History in Glasgow, and author of the *History of Presbyterianism in Ireland*, besides other works on theology.—Our readers will regret to learn that in consequence of the present delicate state of health of Professor Wilson, the renowned "Christopher North," he has been obliged to make arrangements for dispensing with the delivery of his lectures on moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, at the ensuing session. Principal Lee is to undertake the duty for the learned Professor.—Frederika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, was to start for home, in *The Atlantic*, on the 20th ult. Miss Bremer has been in America some two years, during which time she has travelled in all the Atlantic and Mississippi States, and has seen much of American society and scenery. Soon after her return she will publish her notes and observations; and Mary Howitt will translate and publish, at London, an English edition.

3. OF INSTITUTIONS, SOCIETIES, &c.

Efforts are now on foot in Boston and its vicinity to collect funds towards the erection of a bronze statue of Dr. Jenner, in London, in honour of his great discovery of vaccination.—We are glad to hear that the Lords

of the Treasury have at length consented to advance to Colonel Rawlinson the sum of 1,500*l.* to enable him to continue his explorations and exhumations in Assyria. Colonel Rawlinson is to proceed immediately to Bagdad, where he is the resident of the East India Company, and from thence he will go to any quarter where his directions may be needed, and where the best promises of future discoveries may be held out. He will also keep open the works already commenced, but he is to act entirely independently of Mr. Layard.—Lately, as the workmen were digging a foundation for a new house at the corner of Lawrence Pountney-lane, Cannon-street, city, they discovered, at the depth of twenty feet, several ancient Roman coins, in good preservation, as well as Roman pottery of an early date, which were most carefully preserved by Mr. William Stewart, foreman of the men, residing in King-street, Long-acre, as well as several other interesting relics belonging to the Romans.—Mr. W. Parker Hammond, of the firm of Messrs. Hammond and Co., London, offers premiums of 50*l.* each for the best essays on the two following subjects:—"50*l.* for the best essay on China, embracing the following points:—The capabilities of that empire to consume the manufactures of Britain, and existing impediments thereto. The effect of the present British duties on tea on its consumption and on the China trade generally, and the probable influence thereon of a reduction of duty. The opium trade, and its effect on the commerce and morals of China and India. General remarks on the empire of Japan, and prospects of trade therewith. Suggestions as to the most efficient mode of extending Christianity in China. 50*l.* for the best essay on the Eastern Archipelago, including the Philippines and the Gulf of Siam, embracing the following points:—Piracy, its extent and effect on the price of Straits' produce and the consumption of British manufactures. The best means of suppression or prevention. The commercial capabilities of the countries alluded to, and existing impediments to their expansion. Christianity, the best means of its extension therein." The object of Mr. Hammond in offering these premiums is to promote the interests of religion and commerce in the China seas and Eastern Archipelago in connexion with the design of the Great Exhibition, and he proposes that the rewards should be given in cash or in gold medals of equal value, at the option of the successful competitors. Three or more competent and disinterested judges are to be appointed to decide upon the merits of the essay, and the last day of next June is fixed upon as the limit within which manuscripts must be sent in.

SCRAPS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

THE MAN OF TON.—It is four o'clock, Regent-street begins to fill, yet even there, the observed of all observers, Sir Charles, seldom appears. His haunt is more select, nor besides his club in St. James' Street, does he frequent other precincts than the neighbourhood of Park Lane, and similar fashionable localities, where he dreads not the intrusion of the *cavaille* between the wind and his nobility. He is the cynosure of all the women, the favourite model of the men, though placed in a region of his own sex, beyond competition; like Orion, a gorgeous constellation only to be seen in the clearest and most sublimated—we do not mean the purest—atmosphere. Not to be reached by the herd of imitators of his own sex, it is astonishing how low he will stoop to recognise the notice of the fairer order, indeed, his fame is strangely enhanced by the reported universality of his attentions to every pretty face. His name has suffered no injury by more than once appearing in courts of law with heavy damages attached to it; these last rather illuminate his reputation, and may be regarded as Cupid's stars of merit, though they rise in vice, and set in mortgages! You are expecting an Apollo in intellect and beauty, a Mars in courage, a Mercury in grace; yet he is none of these; Phidias would not have selected that stultified and sensual face for aught other than a model Satyr; the contracted eye, the salacious lip, the hair half-curled, half-set, present a very Pan. He never said a witty thing in his life; his powers of mind are mediocre and superficial; his judgment exercises itself in flats—by some men of fashion held indisputable—upon the anecdote of an operatist and the exact flavour of Chablis; yet he is run after by the women, who blush and adore him, by the men, who abuse and copy him! He is the spoiled child of Fashion; in her patronising influence lies the mystic spell, which binds to his inferior intellect the taste, sounder sense, and better feelings of his class; she it is, who has invested that almost Gorgon head with power to look down the wondering mob of lesser men, with looks of stone, icy as his own soul. You ask for his accomplishments;—he can gamble, race, drive, seduce; his principle is to gratify himself, his practice to destroy others, like the Upas—by the poison of his shadow!—in a word, he wears the best fitting coat and boot, the most *recherche* cravat, has a delicately formed hand, a cold hand,—would you have more?—From "*Sketches of Character*," by Octavius Fawcett Owen, M.A., in "*Sharpe's Magazine*."

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE DEAD.

πλσιων χρόνος,
ὅν δὲ μ' ἀρίσκειν τοῖς κάτω, τῶν ἐνθάδε
ἐκεῖ γὰρ αἰεὶ κείσονται.
Sophoc. Antig. vv. 74-76.

How do the Dead rise up before thy sight?
Unbidden guests in the deep hush of night,
With fixed, reproachful eyes,
Full of a sad surprise
That now they come again, they meet no more
The glad, fond greeting that they met of yore—
Thus do they rise?

Or are they ever with thee on thy way,
In dreams by night, in visions of the day,
Growing so clear and full at quiet eve
That for awhile the heart forgets to grieve,
Deeming that still it bath its treasure here,
So present doth it seem, so freshly dear?

Do they go with thee through the city's din,
Like guardian-angels, saving thee from sin,
When thy foot falls on paths thy soul would rue?
Calming thy fevered heart with heavenly dew,
When, proudly fighting in this world's fierce strife,
It recks not of that other, endless life?

Oh, cherish not the memory of thy Dead,
—'Tis bitter to behold red lustre shed
Upon the far-off Past so lavishly.
And then to mark that sailless, sundering sea!
But would'st thou have the sweet, sad sunlight fade,
And yield yon green bright hills to night's dull shade?

Hath it no whisper for thy weary heart?
No tale of worlds where love-lights never part?
What thought like this the soul of grief beguiles,
When others seek their homes so rich in smiles—
Thy day is longer, but its eve will come;
Thou, too, hast welcomes waiting thee at home?

September 20, 1851.

R. R.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

DEATHS.

COOPER.—On the 14th September, at his residence, Cooper's-town (U.S.), aged 62, Mr. James Fenimore Cooper, the distinguished American novelist.

DUBOIS.—Recently, at Paris, aged 76, M. J. R. Dubois, Director successively of the Galté, the Porte-Saint-Martin, and the Opéra, under the Restoration, and author of a great variety of pieces played in the different theatres of Paris thirty or forty years ago.

HULLIN.—Recently, at Strasburg, Professor Hullin, Dean of the Faculty of Letters in that city.

SAVIGNY.—Recently, at Versailles, M. de Savigny, member of the Academy of Sciences, and known for his works on Zoology.

SHERWOOD.—On the 22nd September, at her residence, Yelverton-place, Twickenham, Mrs. Sherwood, the authoress, in her 77th year.

WINGARD.—Recently, at Stockholm, in his 71st year, Dr. Thomas Wingard, Archbishop of Upsal, and Primate of the Kingdom of Sweden. Dr. Wingard had long occupied the chair of Sacred Philology at the University of Lund.

Books Wanted to Purchase.

[Persons having the following to dispose of, are requested to send particulars, with lowest price, to THE CHURCH OFFICE, 29, Essex-street, Strand. No charge is made for insertion in this List.]

The Sketcher's Manual. By F. Howard.
Vols. I., II., IV., V., VII. of Shaw's Zoology.

List of New Books.

Allison's (A.) The Second Reformation, 2nd ed. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Anna; or, Passages from a Home Life, enlarged ed. 4s. 6d.
Armstrong's (R.) English Composition, Part I. 8vo. 2s. cl.
Bacon's (Rev. H. B.) Lectures for Use of Sick Persons, 3s. 8vo. 4s. 6d.
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